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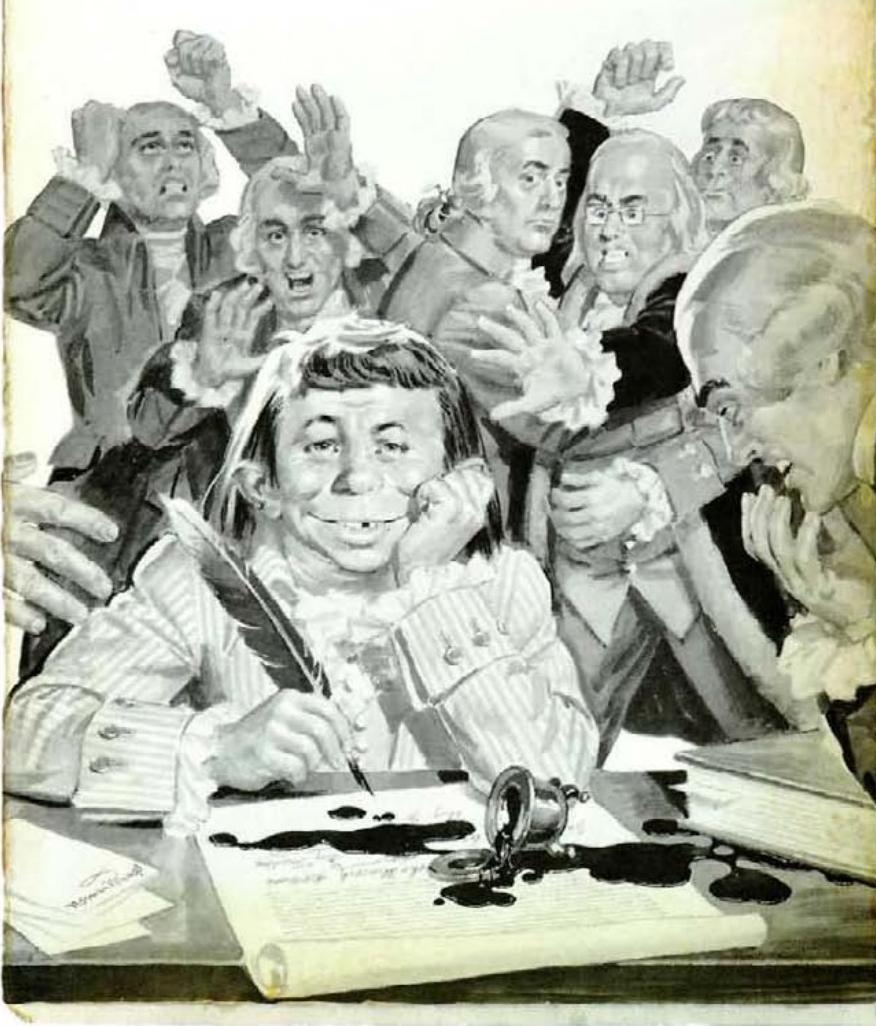
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—Alfred E. Neuman

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CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS  
*the usual gang of idiots*

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## VITAL FEATURES

ONE  
CUCKOO  
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(A MAD  
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## LETTERS DEPT.



### NEW MUSICALS BASED ON BIG MOVIES

What a superb musical adaptation of "Jaws"! I am sure that even now, Broadway producers are engaged in rounds of backbiting to determine who will land this new splash hit.

Holly Spencer  
De Pere, Wisc.

I can visualize your musical version of "The Towering Inferno" in the Busby Berkeley tradition. Fifty chorines as fire-women; white slickers, white fire-hoses, and white hook-and-ladders . . . neon-lit! And lofty overhead camera shots of the whole troupe, singing and precision-leaping into kaleidoscopic nets below.

Steve Fiore  
Rochester, N.Y.

Jacobs has a lively song and dance partner in Mort Drucker.

Paige Van Antwerp  
Vero Beach, Fla.

Frank Jacobs and Mort Drucker hit a high C with their "Jaws"!

Richard Nass  
Euclid, Ohio

With Marlon Brando singing "The Godfather" role, you're liable to hear a hoarse opera!

Ernesto Murillo  
San Juan, P.R.

### THE SHADOW KNOWS

I asked my students in art class to name an important contemporary artist. They all answered, "Sergio Aragonés." I'll accept that, without a shadow of a doubt!

Peggy Kelly  
St. Augustine School  
Union City, N.J.

Let he who is perfect cast the first shadow. How about it, Sergio?

Bettina Gargiulo  
Jersey City, N.J.

### BOB JONES GETS A BUNNY HUG

Your new cover artist, Bob Jones, makes plushy bunnies, but he won't be around long if they look more intelligent than Alfred.

DeAnne Kay  
Oakland, N.J.

A hare-raising cover! But your conjuror, Alfred E., is up to his old tricks. You never lift a rabbit by its ears.

David Halprin  
Albany, N.Y.

Jones does a honey of a bunny!

Vera Mitchell  
Dallas, Texas

### TRAFFIC COMMISSIONER OF THE YEAR

Jack Davis and Dick De Bartolo deserve medals for "MAD's 'Traffic Commissioner Of The Year.' Mainly, the Cloverleaf Cluster and the Bronze Underpass.

Thom Gatewood  
Alexandria, Va.

Your "Traffic Commissioner Of The Year" drove me up the wall!

David Fowler  
Oxnard, Calif.

As a stewardess, I'm thankful that "Commissioner Snafcau" has nothing to do with air traffic!

Irma Zwan  
Vancouver, B.C.

"Pothole John" Linzey seems to have found himself, as MAD's "Man in the Street."

Mel Reese  
Staten Island, N.Y.

### COMING IN OUT OF THE FOLD

Al Jaffee's jolting "Bowl Game" Fold-In is such an eye opener, I went back and scrutinized his last sixty or seventy Fold-Ins. He is so consistently ingenious and conversant with truly vital human issues, I'm afraid I've taken his feature for granted all these years. Even his inclusion of distracting little props, such as the Bad Year zeppelin, that are obliterated in the folding process, reflect how much thought goes into his constructions.

Rachel Parti  
Los Angeles, Calif.



Sergio Aragonés . . . by the penumbra!

## FIFTY YEARS OF COLLEGE LIFE

After reading Larry Siegel's "A MAD Look At Fifty Years of College Life In America," I could see how he would have had to stay in college for fifty years. What I don't see is how he ever made it into college.

George O'Connor  
Louisville, Ky.

If it weren't for colleges, how would parents know where to send the spending money?

Carol Faas  
Gainesville, Fla.

## GOOD TIME-SLOT

Thanks for your spoof on "Good Times," Torres and Siegel! As the poet said:

There was a producer named Lear,  
Who made it so perfectly clear  
That all of his shows  
Were going to go

On for year, after year, after year.

Joe Wheaton  
Lebanon, Tenn.

"Good Time-Slot" was RIDIC-ULOUS!

Doug Pahl  
Lexington, Ohio

## DON MARTIN'S KNEE ACTION

"Late One Afternoon In A Doctor's Office" shows the Martin medic rapping the kneecap instead of the tendon below. That'll do it every time!

Rachel Ralston  
San Francisco, Calif.

Don Martin must be remarkably healthy! He sure kneedles the medical profession!

Don Phelps  
Cohasset, Mass.

Don Martin's patella reflex really knee-capped the climax!

Charles Little  
Washington, D.C.

## I WANT, TOO

Norman Mingo has unfurled James Montgomery Flagg!

Keisha Roe  
Ames, Iowa

On your back cover, we noticed the picture of the girl dressed in a costume as Uncle Sam. We're wondering if you're being sympathetic with women's needs or are you making fun of them.

Isabella Vizzini  
Marta Sanchez  
Laura Garcia  
St. Callistus School  
Chicago, Ill.

There are a lot of supposedly "manly" magazines that degrade Uncle Sam's daughters, let alone consider them as equals. MAD is all the more virile for its uncompromising "I Want, Too" statement.

Lisa Kaufman  
Lansdowne, Pa.

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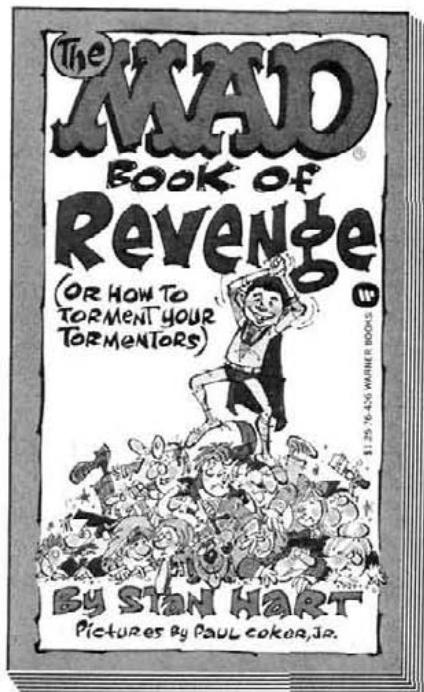
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LOONEY BINGE DEPT.

HERE WE GO WITH OUR VERSION OF THE RECENT SMASH-HIT-MOVIE ABOUT A

# ONE CUCKOO FLE

My wife did a really terrible thing! She was unfaithful to me! Now, I know lots of wives are unfaithful to their Husbands! But mine was unfaithful to me WHILE I WAS MAKING LOVE TO HER!

If I don't get my way, I act like a little baby! Not all the time! Just once in a while! Now, if you'll excuse me, I gotta wee-wee!

F.f.f.f-f fort-fort- fortunately, m-m-m-m-my p-p-p-prob- my problem d-d-doesn't sh-sh-sho- sh-sh-SHOW!

I'm just a little slow accomplishing things! Like this morning, it took me ten minutes to lace up my shoes! And I was trying to do it faster than usual by putting on Loafers!

I'm tired all the time! No matter how much sleep I get, I feel tired! Like . . . last night . . . I was so tired, I had to get UP from a deep sleep to take a NAP!

HE should complain! At least he's got a problem he can talk about! I'm deaf and dumb!! Just like in my LAST movie! Did you see me? I played the BUILDING in "Towering Inferno"!



ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

I think Mr. McGooft is going to be a "Live One," Nurse Wretched!

Don't let looks deceive you, Nurse Pillow! Now call off the things in his travel bag so I can write them on my list—

One pair of socks! Two tee-shirts! One pair of glasses . . . with fake nose and moustache attached! One large "Whoopee Cushion"! One mound of "Fake Doggie-Do"! one "Joy Buzzer" . . .

Hi there, guys! McGooft's the name! Faking Mental Illness is my game . . . !

M-m-m-my n-name is B-B-B-Billy Bib-Bib-Bib—

Let's keep it on a first name basis, kid! I'm not gonna be here long enough for you to finish telling me your last name!

I've got a pair!

You think YOU got a pair! Dig these French Cards! Now, that lady! SHE's got a PAIR!

You treat being in a Mental Institution like it was a Party! Why are you in here?

I'm here to be observed! The Doctors think I have Terminal Charisma!





TROUBLE-MAKER AMONG THE INSANE! NO, IT'S NOT RALPH NADER! IT'S . . .

# W OVER THE REST

Boy, this is some set of losers you're putting me in with! I didn't think people in Mental Institutions were that sick!

What are you talking about?! Those are the PATIENTS! You want to know about SICK . . . meet the STAFF of this place! THAT'S SICK!!

I've got a problem! I'm so good-natured on the outside, I turn my own insides! But if the truth be known, I do have one teeny-weeny fault! I love to castrate men —emotionally that is!

I've got a problem! I never talk unless I've got something important to say! The last time I spoke was in 1951!

We have a problem! We love to push people around and talk down to them! But don't get us wrong! We don't do it so much for the enjoyment of it! We do it for the cash!

I've got a problem! I'm good-natured and understanding and kind! I have respect for everybody's feelings! In other words . . . by today's general standards, I'm nuts!



WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

McGoofy, I've been looking at your record! You've been lazy, belligerent, quarrelsome with authority, resentful toward work, hostile, outspoken . . .

Aw, c'mon, Doc! Gi'me a break! Read some of the good things!

These ARE the good things! Now let me read you some of the BAD things! You made love to a 15-year-old girl!

But, Doc! What ELSE could I do?! I mean, 15 is much too young to get married!

Well, yes, but 15 years old! That's terrible!!

Listen, Doc! She had a body that just wouldn't quit! I mean, I've been around!! And she showed me plenty that was new!

Hmmmm!! I see!

Anything else you need to know, Doc . . . ?

Yes . . . uh . . . that girl! You don't happen to have her address and telephone number . . . do you??



Nurse Wretched, can I watch TV?

No, Mr. McGooey! It's time for our Group Therapy Session! Now, when we ended the last session, Mr. Hurting was telling us that he suspected his wife of dating other men . . . and some of you here hinted that you suspected Mr. Hurting of dating other men!

Wow!!  
Forget  
TV!!  
This  
is like  
watching  
"As The  
World  
Turns"  
LIVE!!

BBilly . . . would you like to start the meeting today?

N-n-n-n-

BBilly . . . next time, why don't you just nod?! This is only an hour session!

Mr. Hurting . . . will you start?

Well, I can only speculate on the real humanistic problems in juxtaposition to the individuals involved! As formless as the content may appear on a superficial or theanthropic level—

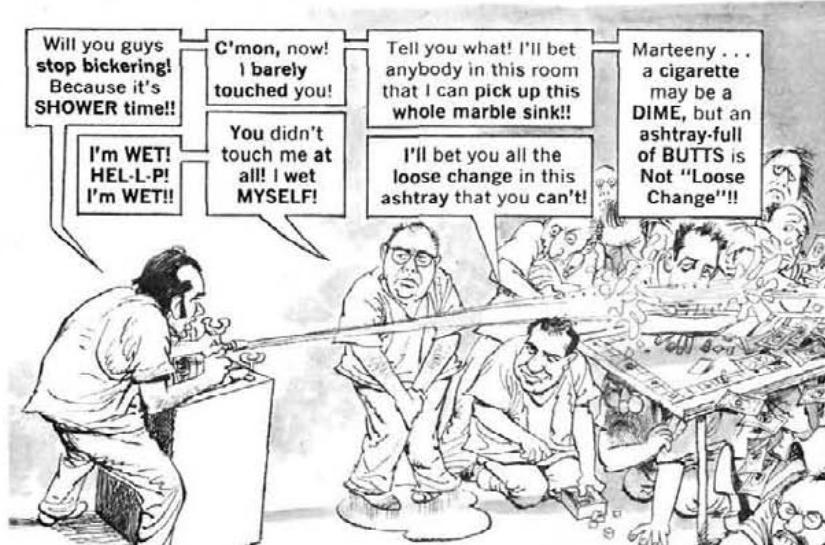
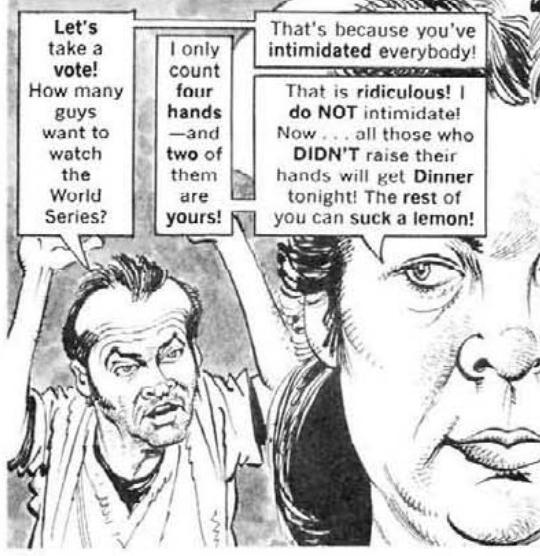
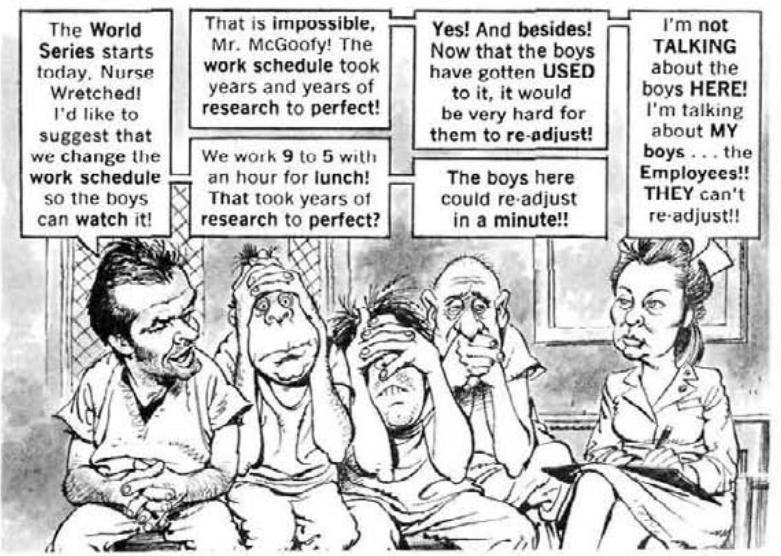
What are you talking about? I mean . . . WHAT'N HELL ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT??!

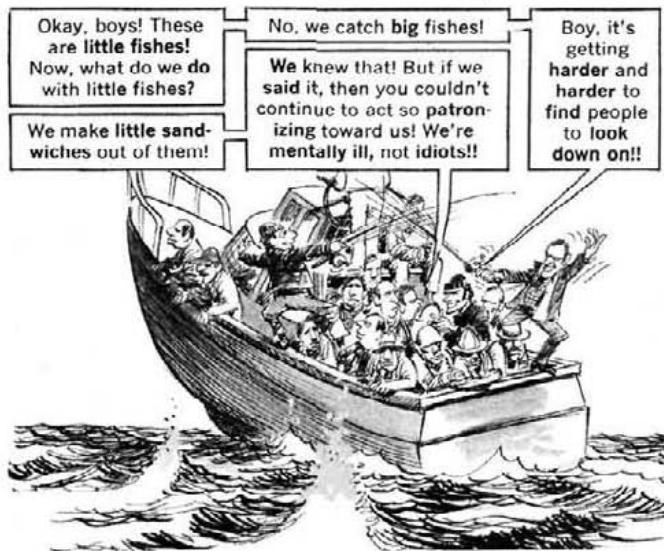
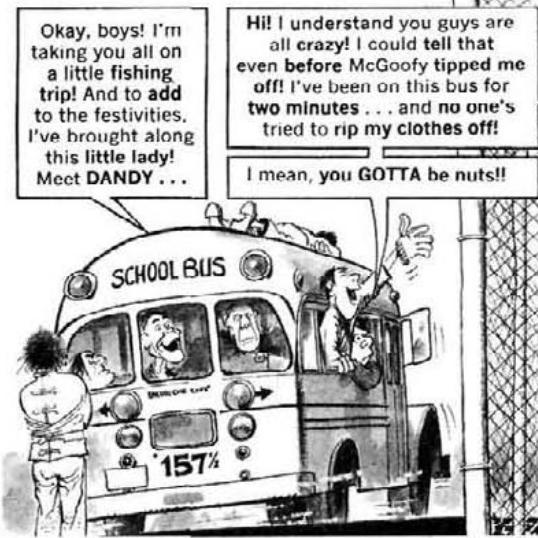
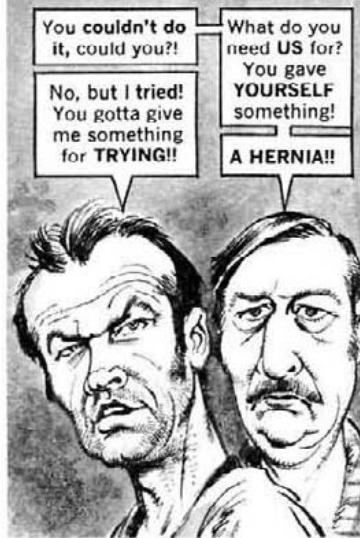
If I knew what the hell I was TALKING about, I wouldn't BE HERE you idiot!





Uh—next time you want to congratulate me, just shake my hand, huh?







Boys . . . Mr. McGooey has been running a gambling operation and you boys have been losing all your cigarettes to him! And so—as of this moment—there'll be no more gambling!

You wouldn't want to BET on that! I'll give you 10-to-1!

I'll TAKE that bet!! Put me down for ten cartons!

Wait a minute! I said no more gambling for the patients!

But I'm not a patient! I'm Nurse Pillow! Your Assistant!

My God! You've been so quiet all these years, I thought you were one of the chronics who had this "thing" for wearing a Nurse's uniform!

I want my cigarettes!

Stop acting like a baby and give me that . . . !

I am NOT acting like a BABY! And don't you dare touch my Teddy Bear! HELP!

EMERGENCY!! EMERGENCY!! Bring a strait jacket for Mr. McGooey, and a playpen for Mr. Justweak!



You may be deaf and dumb, but you sure can fight! You knocked the STUFFING out of that Teddy Bear! Also eight Guards! Thanks, Chief!

You're welcome, Mac!

Why you old son of a ⚡ & ⚡ You can TALK!! Why haven't you ever spoken before this?

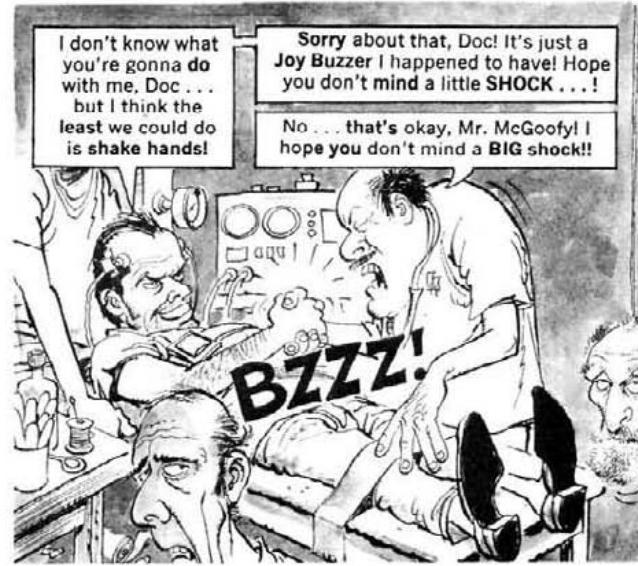
Oh, I dunno! Didn't you ever find yourself in one of those moods where you just don't feel like talking to anyone?

Yeah, I have! But not for sixteen straight years!

I don't know what you're gonna do with me, Doc . . . but I think the least we could do is shake hands!

Sorry about that, Doc! It's just a Joy Buzzer I happened to have! Hope you don't mind a little SHOCK . . . !

No . . . that's okay, Mr. McGooey! I hope you don't mind a BIG shock!!



Evidently, the shock therapy had no effect on you, Mr. McGooey! You come back here—and you're still clowning around!

Now . . . please put out those candles!

They're not CANDLES! They're my FINGERS GLOWING! And if you wanna see TOES glow, I'll take off my shoes!!

We got to get out of here, Chief! Fun's fun, but the laughs are getting further between!

You go, Mac! I'm not ready! I'm not big enough, yet!

"Not BIG enough yet?" Listen, Chief, you're the only man I know who plays basketball by throwing the ball DOWN!

I've planned a farewell party for the boys, Mr. Turkey! Unlock the window gates, and I'll give you ten bucks!

I'm not getting into any trouble!

I'll give you some booze!

I said I'm not getting into any trouble!

I'll give you one of the girls!

Man, le'me at them window gates! Trouble, here I come!!



Medication time, boys!  
Marteeny gets Gin . . .  
Hurting gets Rye . . .  
BBilly gets Scotch . . .  
Justweak gets Yoo-Hoo!

We're in trouble! Here comes the SUPERVISOR!

Don't worry!  
We got enough  
for her,  
too!

What are those women  
doing in this Ward!  
I think it's the  
Fox Trot!!

I think it's the HUSTLE!  
Gee, Ma'am,  
this is 1963!  
The Hustle  
hasn't been  
invented yet!

Mr. Turkey . . . the Hustle  
SHE'S doing was invented  
thousands of years ago!!  
Don't be angry, Ma'am! It's  
just that people have—uh—  
certain natural URGES that  
call out to be SATISFIED!

Get them out of  
here, and then  
I want to talk  
to you about  
those "urges"!  
Shall I come to  
your office??

No . . . meet  
me in the  
basement  
behind the  
boiler . . .  
and bring  
some of  
that booze!



Well,  
g'bye  
gang!  
I'm  
off to  
Canada!

G-g-g-  
good-  
b-b-b-  
b-bye,  
M-M-M-

Could you speed  
it up, BBilly?  
The train leaves  
in four hours!  
C-could I—I—

You—you want a date with  
Dandy?!! Sure!! Why not?!!  
On ONE CONDITION! You  
can do anything you want  
with her! ANYTHING!!  
Except . . . NO TALKING!

LOOK at this  
place! Maybe  
NOW Nurse  
Wretched will  
finally show  
some emotion!

Mr.  
Pock!  
Start  
picking  
up this  
mess!

Mr.  
Mark!  
See if  
anyone  
is  
missing!

Nurse Pillow!  
Arrange the  
features on  
my face to  
show extreme  
anger!



Everyone's here  
except BBilly—  
and he's in that  
room . . . making  
love to a woman!

Is he finished?

No, he's  
still  
on the  
"I-I-love"  
of "I  
love  
you!"

Well, BBilly, are  
you ASHAMED of  
what you've done?

Frankly, no, Nurse  
Wretched! It's an  
experience I've  
dreamed about, and  
I'm glad it finally  
came to fruition!

BBilly . . .  
you are a  
terrible  
disappoint-  
ment to me!

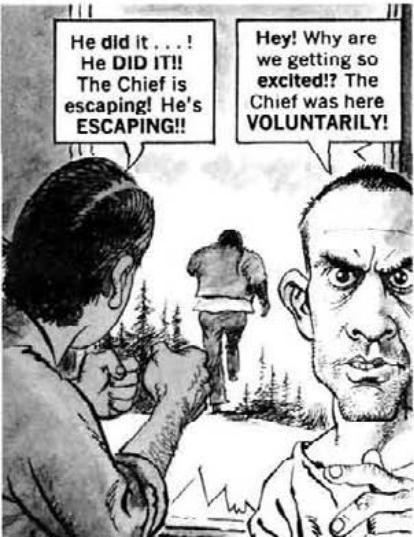
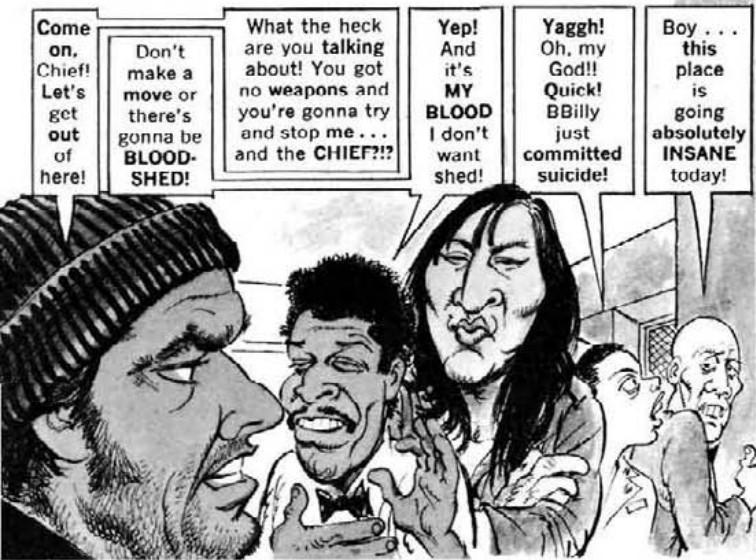
What . . . ?  
For making  
love to a  
woman . . . ?

Not so much  
for that as  
the nerve of  
you to stop  
STUTTERING  
without my  
PERMISSION!  
Your Mother  
will hear  
about this!

N-n-no!  
P-p-p-p-please  
d-d-d-d-d-don't  
t-t-tell  
m-m-m-my  
M-mother!

That's better! But I'm  
STILL going to tell her  
because I see something  
in you today that I've  
never seen before and  
I want to destroy it  
immediately! That rotten  
SELF-CONFIDENCE!!



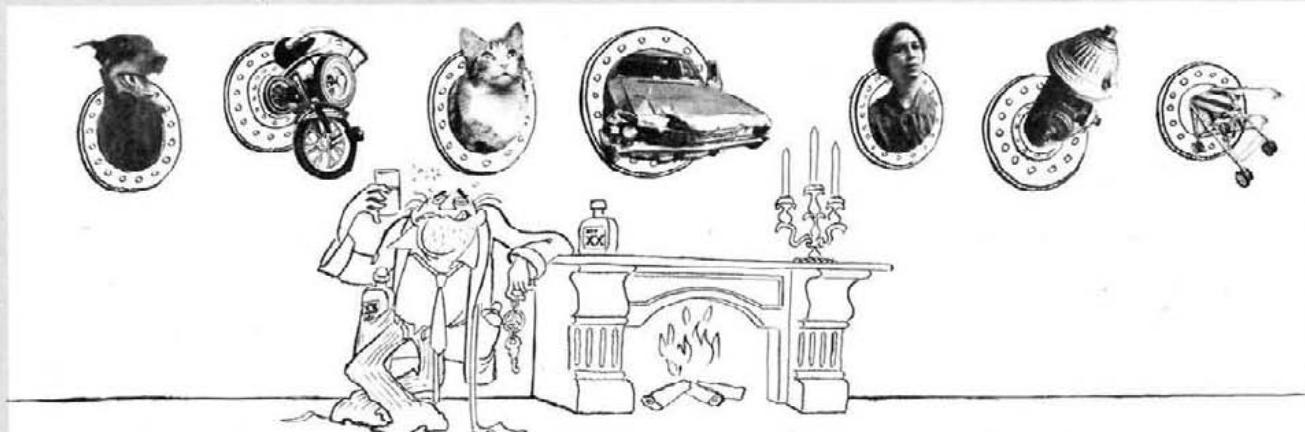
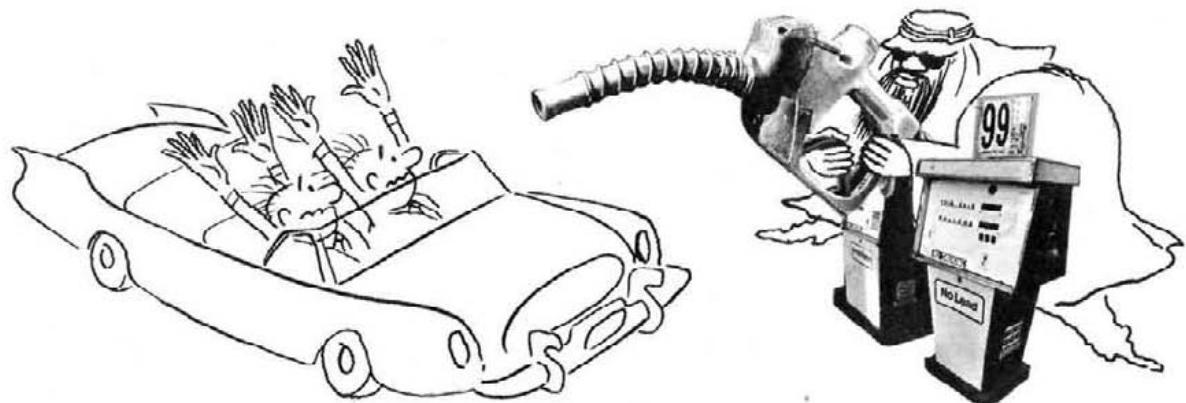


TEN LEAST WANTED DEPT.

# AN ANGRY MAD LOOK AT

# UNPUNIS

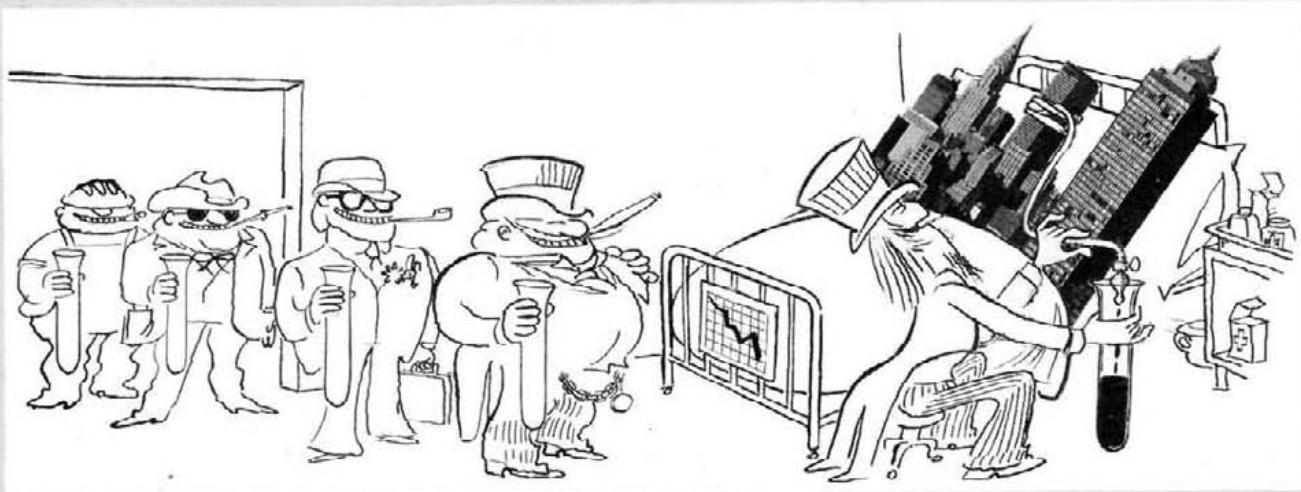
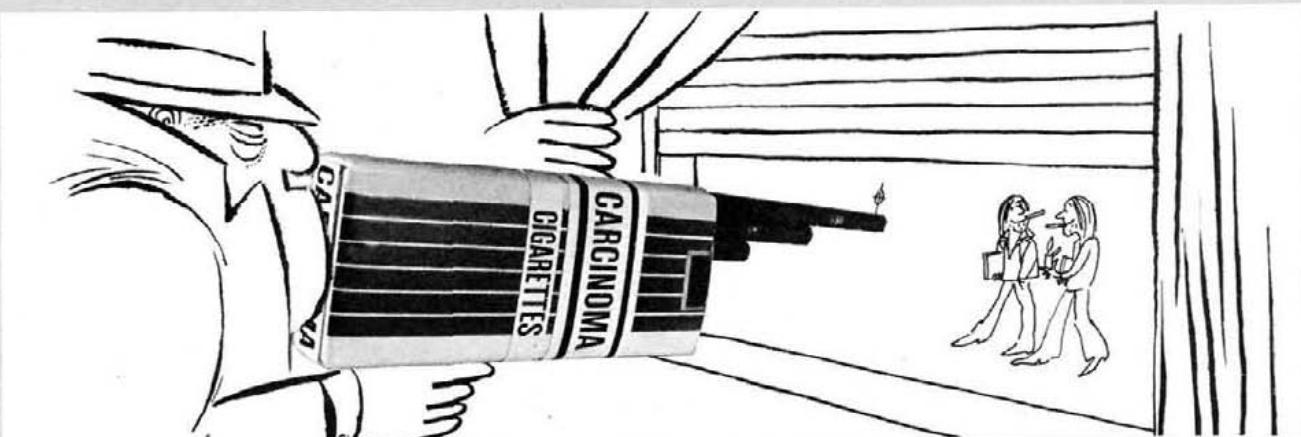
ARTIST & WRITER:

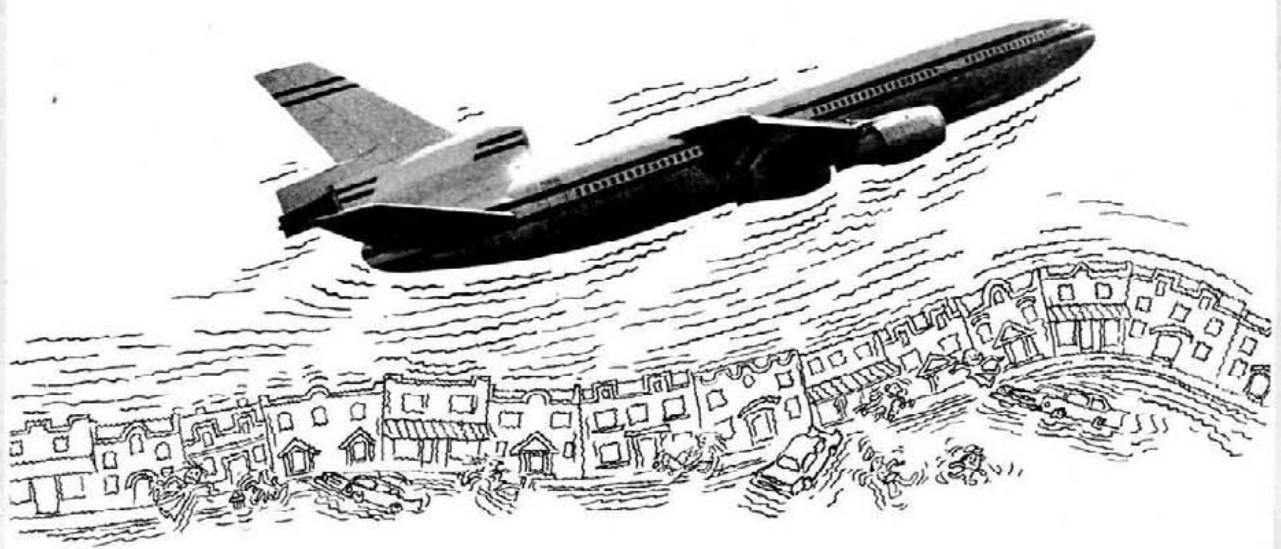




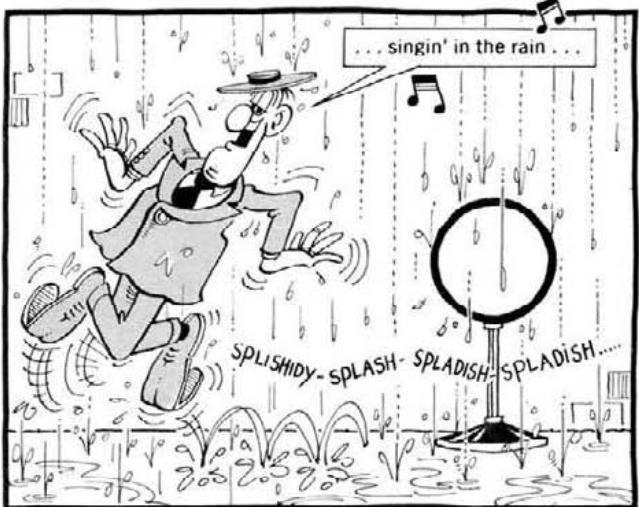
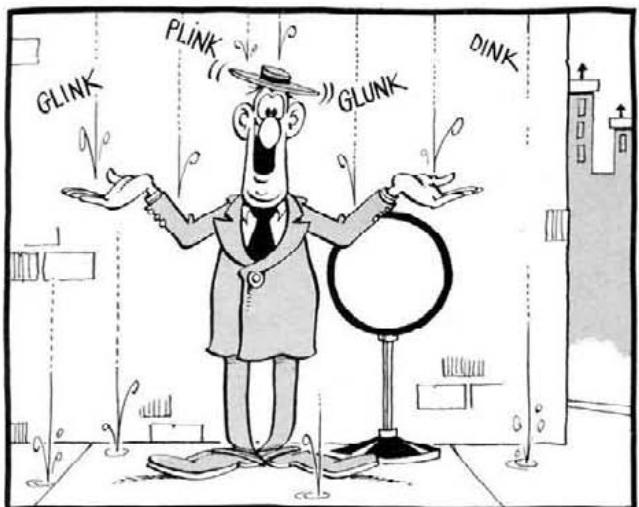
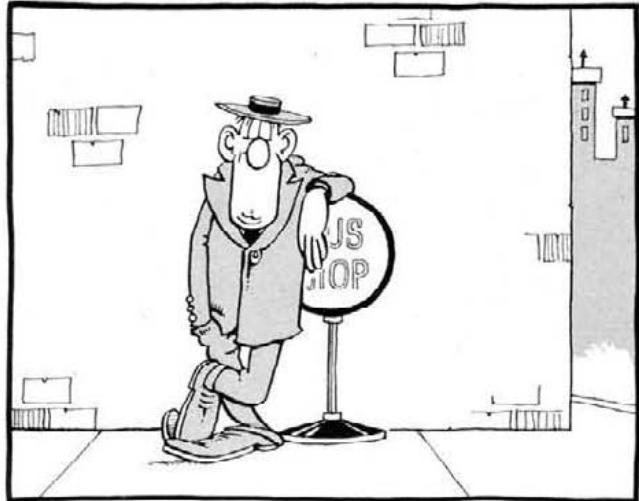
# HED CRIMINALS

ARNOLDO FRANCHIONI





# ONE DAY LAST APRIL



# NATIONAL LONG-DISTANCE SPITTING CONTEST

PITTOIE

THOO

PITTOO

TFPP



## CALAMITY GAINS DEPT.

It used to be Wars . . . then Violence . . . then Sex . . . and now it's Disasters that make the masses stand in lines and plunk down their hard-earned bread at movie houses. Today, there is an avid market for burning skyscrapers, sinking ocean liners, earthquakes, etc. And so, MAD predicts that it won't be long before some enterprising publisher comes out with . . .

# DISASTER MAGAZINE

*The Digest for Diggers of Doom*

PRICE: \$5.00

(Talk about disasters!)

## IN THIS ISSUE:

### HUMAN INTEREST

Two brothers lost in avalanche 20 years ago re-united briefly during a mid-air collision.

### PSYCHOLOGY

"Is the law too hard on our fun-loving pyromaniacs?" by Oscar "The Flame" Hyman, noted analyst.

### HUMOR

The Goofy Side of Mass Evacuations.

### ART

A gallery of partially-destroyed masterpieces from the Florence flood.

### FOOD

"Finger-licking good K-RATIONS" by the Gobbling Gourmet.

### FASHION

Steve McQueen and Paul Newman model the latest in asbestos wear! Yes, ladies, Paul does appear in a fire-proof undershirt!

### SPORTS

A South American Soccer Official Asks— "Should I have stopped the game when the bleachers collapsed?"



# The DISASTER SHOPPER

HEAR TODAY, GONE YESTERDAY



Nostalgia/Calamity Records has just released these live recordings of SOUNDS OF DISASTERS. Now, in the comfort of your own home, you can listen to the awesome "whoosh" the Hindenburg made while burning up at its moorings, the S.O.S. sent by the Titanic, and other all-time favorites.

FASHIONS FOR YOUR FALL



Wherever you may land, be it land or sea, you'll be glad you ordered this wonderful set of Day-Glo / Night-Glo Body Paints. If you've always wanted to be radiant, this set is for you, especially during rescue time when you're praying someone finds you. Now available in a choice of Alarm Red, Blast Orange, Hurricane Green, Brine Blue and Peril Pink.

INTO THE DRINK



Talk about playing it "cool". . . Lifeboatique has done it again, this time with a set of perma-frozen ice cubes cut from the actual iceberg that sank the Titanic. No party gets dull with these little conversation-coppers clinking around in your glasses. But make sure to order them now! The supply is limited as there's not much but a tip of the old berg left!

A GIFT FROM THE SEA



Say "goodbye" to cruise-bound friends with Davy Jones' elegant basket of *Fruit From The Deep*. This new eye and palate-pleasing arrangement is composed of shellfish, algae jellies, and pickled eels, all hand-picked from the hull of the late, great liner, Andrea Doria.

SPECIAL FOR STORM TROOPERS



Hey, Hurricane fans! Now you can have your favorite big blow emblazoned on your chest, thanks to *They Call The Wind Maria, Among Other Things, Incorporated*'s new T-shirt line. Comes in all sizes for all shapes. Choice of White shirt with black lettering or black shirt with blood-red letters.

TO READ WHILE AWAITING RESCUE



No Disaster Library is complete without C.N.E. Wessel's "Handbook of Survival Hints." With chapters like "How To Collect Body Salt to Season Food" and "PANIC—How To Enjoy It!", you know that your life is in the right hands. Illustrated with some of the goriest photos ever taken, this gift item comes bound in floatable, fire-proof covers.

WHEN IT POURS, IT POURS



Don't let the mud or slime floating around fool you, these swell souvenirs from the world's most celebrated floods are guaranteed pure and ready to drink. Sold in disposable containers or flip-top cans, you can add a touch of class to the glass at your next disaster gathering. For added kicks, blind-fold your guests and get 'em to play "Name That Flood."

# A DISASTER SAVED MY LIFE



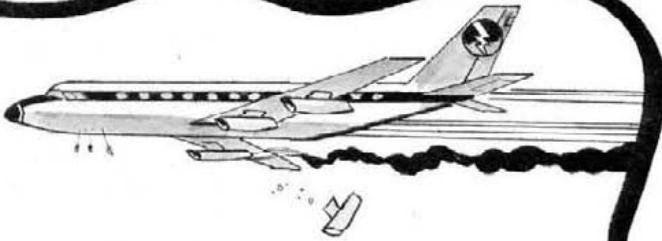
by E. Alan Irwin

**W**HOOVER named it the "writing game" was nuts. He certainly wasn't a writer. Any writer knows it's anything but a game. A game can be fun. Writing isn't fun. A game can be won or lost. In writing you can only lose. Sure, it has its bright days, too, but so does London. Most of the time it's fog, fog, fog. Anyway, that's how it was that winter of '74 as I sat at my typewriter, staring at the blank paper, knowing if I didn't fill that page with something saleable soon (like that week!) I would lose my beautiful Spanish cliffside house overlooking the Pacific (bought during one of my few "sunny" periods when my novel, "The Rabbi Wore A Gun", was made into a noodle western starring Clint Eastwood and Charles Bronson). I would also probably lose my wife Sheila, or worse, my Mercedes!

Then it happened. The torrential rains that had been battering the coast (as it had every rainy season) finally took its toll. First it started with a low rumble, then it became louder, and finally increased to a roar. I looked out the window and saw the houses down the street starting to collapse. I saw friends and neighbors being washed down their lawns, their furniture floating into their tennis courts. I heard my own beams squeak and then squeal as Sheila screeched and then squawked. And I knew that was it! I had been saved! What an inspiration!

I smiled as Sheila squished and squirmed past me on a raft of slime, knowing that her discomfort today would be forgotten tomorrow when I sold the screen rights to this great "disaster film" idea. I couldn't waste the time to reach out and help anyone at this point. No, my hands had more meaningful work to do at the typewriter. The ideas came fast and furious and I already saw Charlton Heston in the part of Lance Quagmire, the engineer flown in to . . .

(Cont. pg. 72)



# WRECK TRAVEL AGENCY PROUDLY PRESENTS DISASTER PACKAGE TOURS

## THE SOUTH PACIFIC VOLCANIC ISLAND HOP

Ten adrenalin-filled days, including: free lifeboat drill, "get-acquainted" mixer (on-the-rocks, of course!), full American plan plus botulism scare, trip to leper colony on a sun-drenched, obsolete life raft with only one quart of water to share among ten survivors. (Tidal wave optional).

## THE WEST VIRGINIA COAL MINES BUS TOWN

\*Seven heart-stopping days including: modern, comfortable, air-conditioned bus which follows dangerously close to an explosive-carrying truck, stopovers at every major smash-up along the Pennsylvania Turnpike. Tour will conclude with a picnic and a square dance at the bottom of a condemned mineshaft.

## THE FLIGHTS OF FANCY BERMUDA TRIANGLE JUNKET

Open-ended tour via Chance Airways' 713 Jet guarantees nothing, including landing. The new 713 features one flaming turbojet-engine, and sporadically locking landing gears. Navigator and first officer leave posts regularly to search for hidden bombs. If Bermuda Triangle fails to affect tour, a fun-filled, mid-ocean ditch will take place anyway, including pick-up by Soviet electronic spy ship. Return via Vladivostok, Omsk and Minsk... maybe.

## THE CRETE-SINAI-MID-EAST PACKAGE TOUR

Twenty-one blood-pumping days includes: border clashes, guerilla attacks, and at least one devastating typhoon. Tour leader will attempt to instigate, but cannot guarantee a major war.

For additional information and reservations for any of the above tours, dial or cable "MAYDAY" or write: DISASTER PACKAGE TOURS, Inferno Towers, Hollywood, Calif.

**EXTRA! EXTRA! EXTRA!** All reservations received from any congressionally designated emergency disaster area will receive at no extra cost a handsome personally monogrammed Mae West inflatable vest.

# ITEM

## A TOUR OF TASTY TIDBITS FROM DISASTERLAND

**ITEM:** Eureka, South Dakota . . . Herman "Sparkle" Plenty, a six-packs-a-day chainsmoker, walked into an undetected gas main break and wiped out the entire local urban renewal project.—That's the way to quit smoking! . . .

**ITEM:** Chute, Wyoming . . . The experience of sharing a shelter with a dozen lumberjacks during the recent flashfloods have cured him of a life-long lisp and a mincing walk, claims Bruce Foppe, noted hairdresser . . .

**ITEM:** Steambath, Alaska . . . Seeking refuge from the worst blizzard to hit these parts in 40 years, Mrs. Carol Tinkelman accepted help from what she thought to be a local fur trapper. During the spring thaw, the gent turned out to be a 450 lb. Kodiak bear. Leaving her family permanently, Carol states, "The bear is a better provider than my husband, Murray, ever was!" . . .



**ITEM:** Bisque, Massachusetts . . . A freak twister relocated the Junior High School, and made the whole busing issue obsolete . . .

**ITEM:** Lloolpholian, North Wales . . . The Institute of Bizarre Bodily Functions has received a major grant for further studies of the effects of earthquakes on hiccups . . .

**ITEM:** S.S. Papillion . . . during her last Caribbean stopover, all the rats mysteriously abandoned this superluxury cruise ship. Disaster fans, now's the time to book your reservations at low, low rates . . .

**ITEM:** Beri-Beri, South Pacific . . . After the last eruption of the volcano here, a rash of "Lava-Fried Chicken" franchises have sprung up all over the island. We hear they're "finger-scorching good!" . . .



**ITEM:** St. Buffet, French Antilles . . . Survivors of the 1970 rock slide disaster met for their fifth annual reunion here. "This may very well be our last one," both members agreed, "they're such a bore!"

**ITEM:** Meschugga, Tennessee . . . A vagrant that found and ate the contents of an atomic waste can near the local nuclear powerplant was hospitalized for a severe headache. You can imagine how severe his headache was, now that his cranium measures two-and-a-half feet wide! . . .



**ITEM:** Kinckaid, Nebraska . . . As the only husband-wife frozen food chain consultant team, Art and Sydelle Charney are well qualified, having spent most of their honeymoon under the biggest avalanche that ever covered the southern slopes of an alpine massif. "At first it was scary, but we did learn a lot about frozen meats," Art confessed. "And we have a lifetime ahead of us to thaw," Sydelle offered through her icy smile . . .

**ITEM:** Boomboom Terrace, Florida . . . Low bidding and subsequent waterproofed cardboard construction have been given as the prime reasons for the collapse of this entire suburb town . . .



**ITEM:** Ulan-Yak, Outer Mongolia . . . A group of travelers attacked by a swarm of rare, migrant, cotton locusts arrived in this remote city and were arrested for indecent exposure . . .

If you're looking for the Model Disaster,  
you'll find it in the REVEL line of

# DISASTER KITS

## THE GENERAL SLOCUM EXCURSION BOAT DISASTER KIT



An accurate-in-every-wonderfully-horrible-detail antique replica of the half-submerged excursion boat that burned and sank on New York's famed East River in 1904. The young disasterite will note the complete lack of lifesaving equipment available and delight in the 876 miniature picnic baskets that gayly float away from the realistically charred wreck.

## THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING PLANE CRASH KIT



Movie buffs rejoice at the memory of King Kong climbing up to the tower of this famed edifice, but disaster buffs have their fond memories too. REVEL re-lives the "Summer of '45" with this kit of the US Army B-25 bomber that crashed into the 79th floor (N.W. corner), complete with snapping cables that send miniature elevators swooshing down to lobby!

## THE MAJOR TRAIN WRECK KIT



Who said "Trains are safer than planes?" There have always been enough major train wrecks to keep the modes of transportation balanced, and this authentic kit—complete with ripped-up rails, telescoping passenger cars, exploded locomotives, etc.—will convince any disaster buff that there's plenty of fun to be had on the good old terror firms!

## THE LEAKING OIL TANKER KIT



This highly educational model will automatically spring a leak the moment it comes in contact with water, spilling its crude oil contents into your bathtub or swimming pool so convincingly you'll want to do it again for each batch of friends and relatives that visit you. Model's spillage rids your drains of silverfish and every other live organism.

**REVEL Models, Catastrophe, North Dakota**

# DEAR DISASTERMAN

This coming summer my husband will have a two-week vacation from the Nerve Gas factory. We both adore disasters and have bought a used, two-ton camper to travel to your choice of the greatest disaster in the U.S.!

Where is it?

*The Long Island Expressway any Friday afternoon!*

Do you agree with the theory that the Hindenburg disaster had something to do with the extremely mild winters we've been having in southern New Jersey and by consequence the defeat of the legalized gambling bill?

Yes!

What with the supertankers destroying the beaches with spills, and strip mining bringing nature's balance closer to disaster, where is the best place to go to observe dying wildlife?

Any "singles" bar?

Ever since we saw "The Poseidon Adventure," my husband and I have been taking cruises. Unfortunately, nothing disastrous has ever happened, except for that brazen 21-year-old girl who showed up for the lifeboat drill wearing nothing but her Mae West and loop earrings.

*Not for her! She caught the attention of a very rich doctor and was married before they reached port!*

Of all the aquatic disasters in history, which would you say was the worst?

Watergate!

Recently I registered an alarming "16" on my Richter scale. What should I do?

*Consult a doctor! He'll probably suggest that you lose some weight!!!*

## FLICKS IN REVIEW

**BLAZING CATTLES** Another classic by comedy genius Mel Kaminsky, this new look at the old west makes wonderful use of natural disasters—lightning flashes that cause longhorns to stampede, prairie fires that ravage Indian villages, etc. The "cattle grazing scene" and what follows may be in bad taste, but you bust your sides laughing as you shrink in your seat.

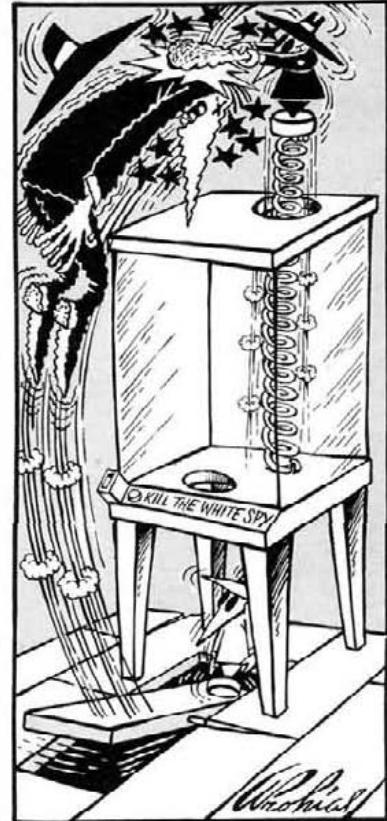
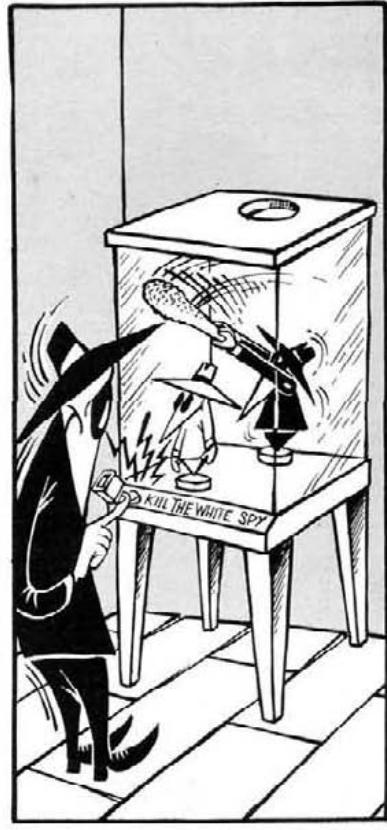


**THAT'S ENTERTAINING DISASTERS** Two hours of clips made up of old newsreels and TV footage of typhoons, twisters, earthquakes, dam burstings, and floods highlight this nostalgic romp. And if those disasters aren't brutal enough for you, wait'll you get a look at the way some of your old favorite disaster survivors look today!

**ALICE DOESN'T STRIKE HERE ANYMORE** Having had their home demolished three times by hurricanes, the Beckers pack it all in for a mobile home and move west. Although the pic ends on a calm note, the hint of a twister in the background convinces this reviewer that producer/director Chris Ishii has a "Part II" in his plans.



**REVEL Models, Catastrophe, North Dakota**



### WHAT'S WORSE THAN...



... a teacher droning on  
and on for a whole period?



A teacher not saying a  
word for a whole period!

### WHAT'S WORSE THAN...



... listening to the kids  
bang around and make noise?

### WHAT'S WORSE THAN...



... having to work  
on a Holiday?



Having a Holiday off  
and being sick!

### QUIT WHILE YOU'RE BEHIND DEPT.

WH  
WO  
THA

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

### WHAT'S WORSE THAN...



24 ... losing a contact lens?



Finding it unexpectedly!

### WHAT'S WORSE THAN...



... no letter from home?



Nothing but silence . . . and  
you know they're up there!

### WHAT'S WORSE THAN...



... being sent down to the  
Principal's office alone?



Being in the Principal's  
office with your Parents!

# AT'S RSE N.?

WRITER: ALIS ELLIS



A letter from home with no check!

### WHAT'S WORSE THAN...



... making a  
costly mistake?



Having someone else find it  
before you can correct it!

### WHAT'S WORSE THAN...



... bringing lunch to school?



Buying it in the cafeteria!



BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

## THE LIGHTER SIDE OF... ANNO



Not bad, considering!  
Today, I didn't lose ONE SINGLE SOCK!





Will you look at that?!? Isn't it annoying?!? These kids with their spray cans and magic markers are destroying our city with their graffiti!! It's really disgusting!

You see it all over walls and subway cars and buses and trucks and sidewalks—

—and GOD KNOWS where they're gonna do it NEXT!



# YANKEES

ARTIST & WRITER:  
DAVE BERG

It's magic! I push the button on this Polaroid Camera—the picture pops out—and it develops right before your very eyes! Watch for the beautiful colors, Johnnie . . .

I don't see any colors!

Give it time . . .

I STILL don't see any colors!!

Just have a little patience, and . . . Oh, my God! I forgot to use a flashbulb!

How could I be so STUPID?

Look, Johnnie! NOW you can see the colors!



# RING RING RING



I wonder if the mail came yet! I'm sweating out a particular letter . . . !

What's so special about it?

I applied for a job and I went to great pains to carefully type out my resumé to show them how efficient I am! Now, I'm waiting for an answer . . . !

Okay, if it means that much to you, I'll go see if the mail came yet!

You know that correspondence you're so concerned about? I have it . . . right here . . .

"RETURN TO SENDER FOR POSTAGE DUE"!



HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, PAL! THIS IS A STICK-UP! LET'S HAVE THE DAY'S RECEIPTS YOU GOT IN THAT BAG . . .

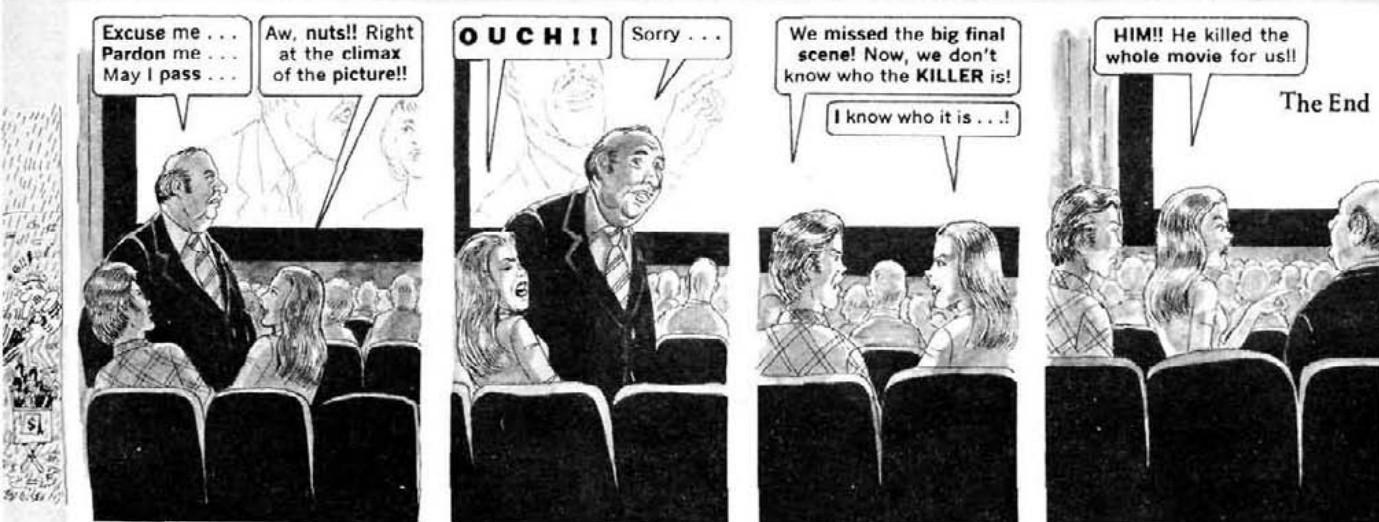
Okay! Okay! Here! Take It! Just . . . don't shoot . . . !!

Hey, Baby! I got it! Bread! Lots of bread!!

How much?

. . . uh . . . one loaf!







**DOCKET TO 'EM DEPT.**

Have you ever wished that you could do something more than just daydream about "fighting the system"? Wouldn't you just love to drag some of those big, arrogant institutions into court and make them pay for all the incompetence, indifference and indignities they've heaped upon you over the years? Well, your opportunity is here! Because the newest legal fad sweeping the country is the "Class Action Suit." To file one, all you need do is to round up a few hundred other victims that are as hopping mad as you are, hire an attorney to file the legal briefs, and gain satisfaction and self-respect by participating in these

# LAWSUITS We'd Like To See

WRITER: TOM KOCH

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE



## Civil Court Number 1 Lubbock, Texas

THE PEOPLE OF THE  
GREYHOUND BUS STATION  
WAITING ROOM

(As Plaintiff)

versus

THE PEERLESS VENDING  
MACHINE COMPANY

(As Defendant)

The formal charge as herein detailed:  
Eagerly grabbing coins and failing to  
give anything back.



WHEREAS the plaintiffs, have, in good faith, poured all available pocket change into defendant's vending machines for desired purchases of dry candy bars, damp crackers and chocolate cookies with white stuff in between, and

WHEREAS said vending machines habitually have failed to dispense anything in return except the faint clicking sound of coins being irretrievably lost,

NOW, THEREFORE, the plaintiffs demand that all money deposited be refunded in full, together with compensation for mental cruelty in the amount of \$1.00 for each quarter maliciously grabbed.



The  
Superior Court  
of the  
Inferior District  
of  
Florida

**THE WIPE OUT  
INVESTORS OF  
SUNNY RETIREMENT HAVEN  
seeking judgment against  
MERRILL LYNCH, PIERCE,  
FENNER & SMITH, INC.**

**The Charge against the Accused:  
Remaining bullish on America while  
the Dow-Jones Industrial Average  
dropped from 1051 to 723.**



As evidenced by the defendant's flagrant, annoying and totally irrelevant depiction of stampeding cattle on TV for the purpose of dispensing the film's crock of bullishness, and

As evidenced by the defendant's strongly implied promise that the stock market would start surging by tomorrow at the latest, and

As evidenced by the defendant's failure to realize that wild inflation, critical energy shortages and economic recessions seldom make stock prices go up,

The plaintiffs find just cause for becoming upset, and do demand that all executives of the defendant company be taken to a public place and flogged unmercifully with rolled up Consolidated Edison stock certificates.



**The Unreformed  
Court System  
of the  
Borough of  
Manhattan**

**THE BROWBEATEN  
CITIZENRY OF  
NEW YORK  
in outraged class  
action against  
THE CONSPIRING  
TAXI COMPANIES  
OF NEW YORK**

**The charge as detailed  
hereinafter: Wontonly  
pulling 80% of all cabs  
off the streets during  
inclement weather.**



THE PLAINTIFFS, having endured grievous head colds, drenched garments and humiliating putdowns, do hereby charge that

THE DEFENDANTS look forward to blizzards, cloud-bursts, hurricanes, monsoons and similar natural catastrophes with childlike glee, and that

SAID DEFENDANTS do utilize such lousy weather to dispatch their cabs to company garages for lube jobs, oil changes, engine overhauls, etc., which are performed until the sun reappears or until next spring, whichever comes last.

THE PLAINTIFFS, therefore, demand monetary compensation equal to the amount of all tips grudgingly forked over to surly cab drivers since they first became surly in 1905.



**The Federal Court of  
Whimpered Appeals  
Sixth District**

**THE  
BELEAGUERED  
LETTER WRITERS  
OF THE  
UNITED STATES  
versus  
THE U.S.  
POSTAL SERVICE**

**Charges Brought Forth**  
193,277,826 counts of steadily  
increasing rates accompanied by  
steadily decreasing service.



THE PLAINTIFFS do hereby seek damages for each and all of the following acts of aggravation perpetuated by the DEFENDANT:

1. Slowing down delivery by pausing to stamp each letter with the slogan, "Zip Codes Speed the Mail."
2. Doubling the old postal rates simply because all mail is now held in protective custody for twice as long.
3. Insuring long lines at post offices by keeping 75% of all service windows closed during business hours.
4. Giving top priority to efficient delivery of ads from shady insurance companies, campaign literature from minor candidates, unwanted book club selections and unexplainable catalogues from pornography dealers.



**Supreme Court  
of Hollywood**

**Merv Griffin's  
Joke Writer  
Presiding**

**CHUCKIE BOXELDER  
GERTRUDE SCHWOT,  
ET. AL.  
versus  
THE  
MONOPOLISTIC TV  
NETWORKS OF  
AMERICA**

**Named Defendants Charged With:  
Deliberately scheduling the only  
three good shows of the week so  
that they all come on at the  
SAME TIME.**



WHEREAS the plaintiffs consist of 85,000,000 TV viewers who have faithfully watched "Let's Make a Deal," "The Brian Keith Show," "The New Dating Game" and countless reruns of "Here's Lucy," and

WHEREAS said programs have resulted in various forms of audience nausea, including violent retching, and

WHEREAS the money grubbing brass of the TV networks maliciously hold back their only shows worth watching until such time as they can be aired opposite each other,

NOW, THEREFORE, the plaintiffs accuse said network brass of high crimes against humanity, and demand that all TV officials in charge of program scheduling be sentenced to ten years of continual viewing of "The Price Is Right."

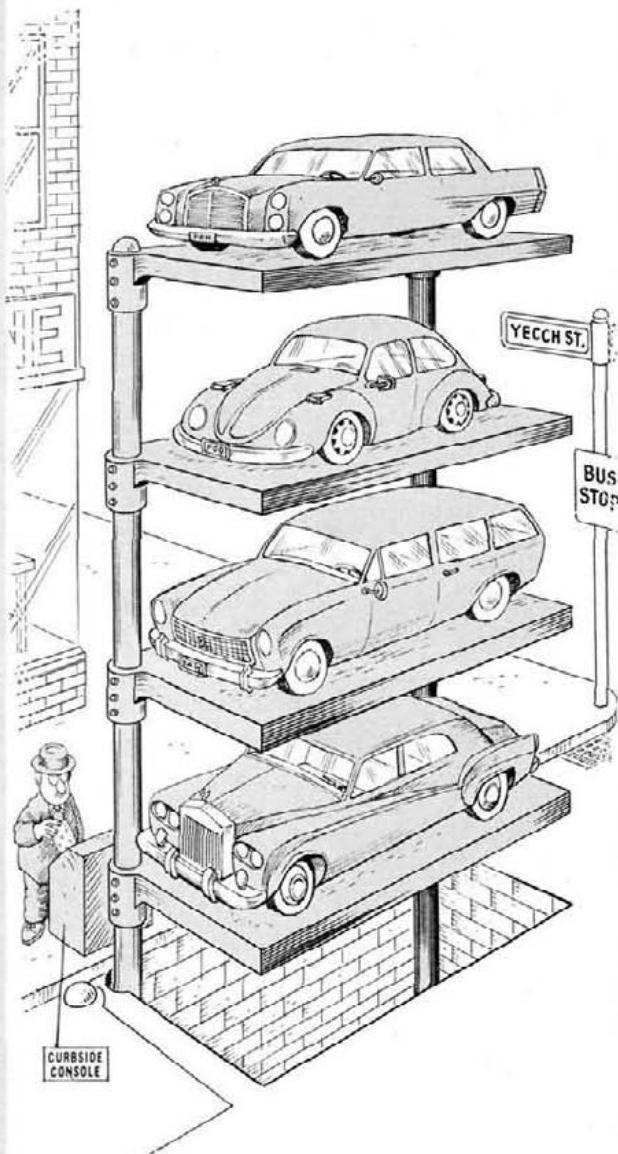
#### AUTO-SUGGESTIONS DEPT.

One of the nice things that happened during the recent gasoline shortage was the virtual

disappearance of "Big City Parking Problems." But now that gas is back, so are the problems.

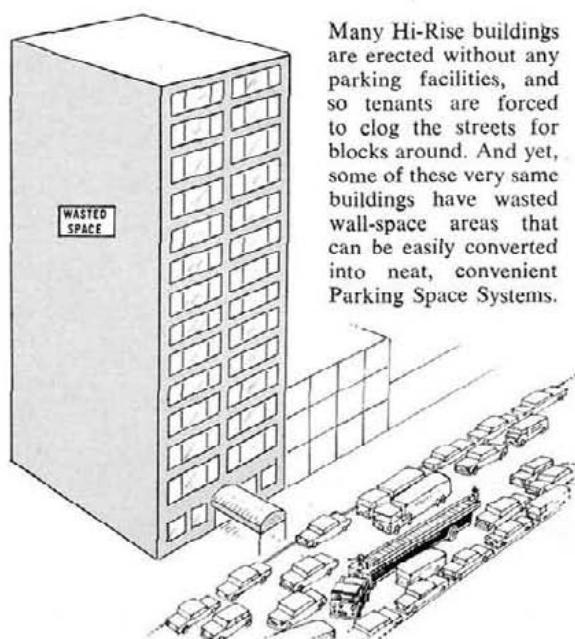
# MAD SOLUTIONS TO BIG CITY PARKING

CURBSIDE MULTI-LEVEL PARKING ELEVATOR FACILITY

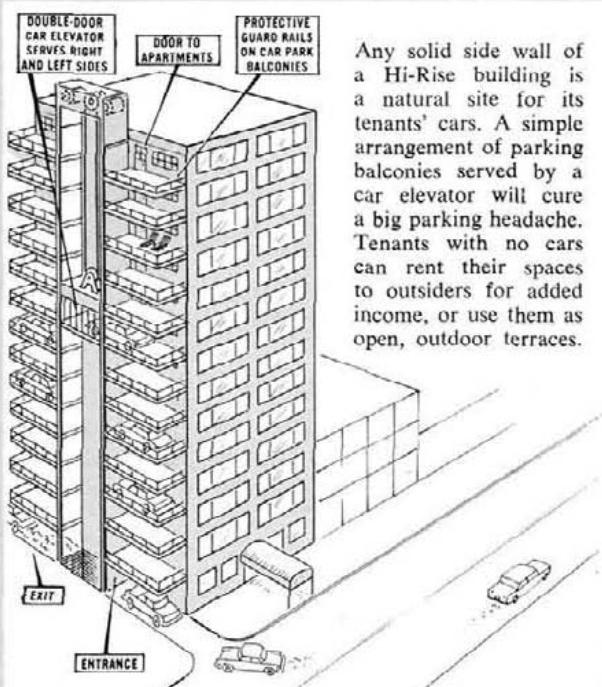


Weight of car parked on empty platform releases Computer Punchcard at Curbside Console, and elevator rises from pit to surface next empty parking platform. When multi-level facility is full, last car remains at street surface. To retrieve car, Driver merely inserts his Punchcard into the Console, and proper elevator platform returns to street level. Can be set for "Free" or "Pay" operation, in which case, insertion of coins into Console releases Punchcard.

HI-RISE WALL-SPACE-UTILIZATION PARKING SYSTEM



Many Hi-Rise buildings are erected without any parking facilities, and so tenants are forced to clog the streets for blocks around. And yet, some of these very same buildings have wasted wall-space areas that can be easily converted into neat, convenient Parking Space Systems.



Any solid side wall of a Hi-Rise building is a natural site for its tenants' cars. A simple arrangement of parking balconies served by a car elevator will cure a big parking headache. Tenants with no cars can rent their spaces to outsiders for added income, or use them as open, outdoor terraces.

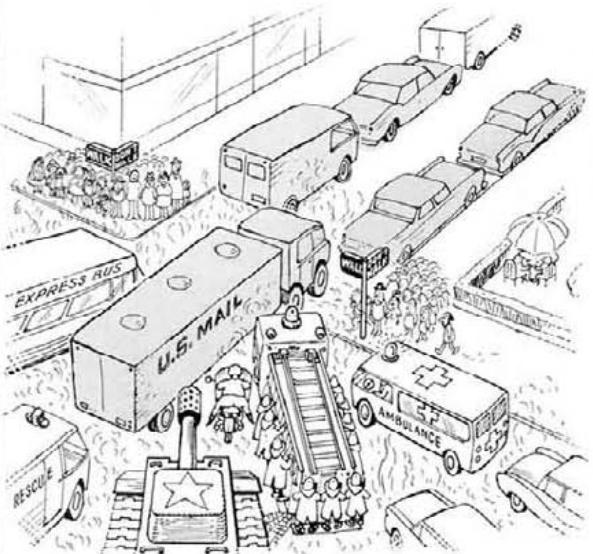
And since we believe that the American Way of Life is inexorably linked to the Automobile,

the Parking Problem will always be with us unless we do something about it. Like these

# PROBLEMS

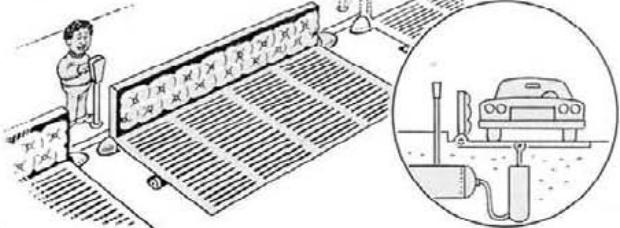
ARTIST & WRITER:  
AL JAFFEE

## THE NARROW STREET TILT-PARKING SOLUTION

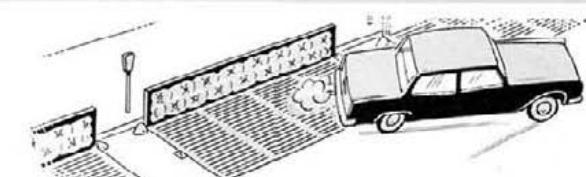
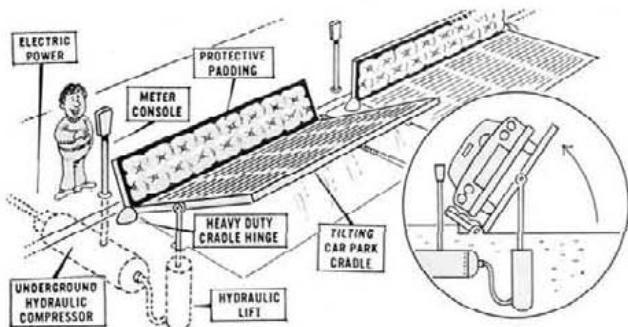


Many old city streets are too narrow for today's heavy traffic. Daily snarls can cause impossibly long traffic jam-ups, accidents and frayed nerves.

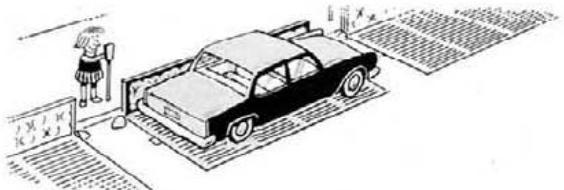
## HOW THE NARROW STREET TILT-PARKING SYSTEM WORKS:



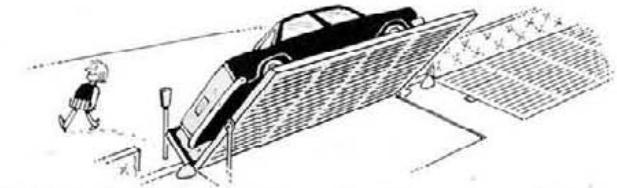
(1) Coin-operated meter/console raises and lowers parking cradle.



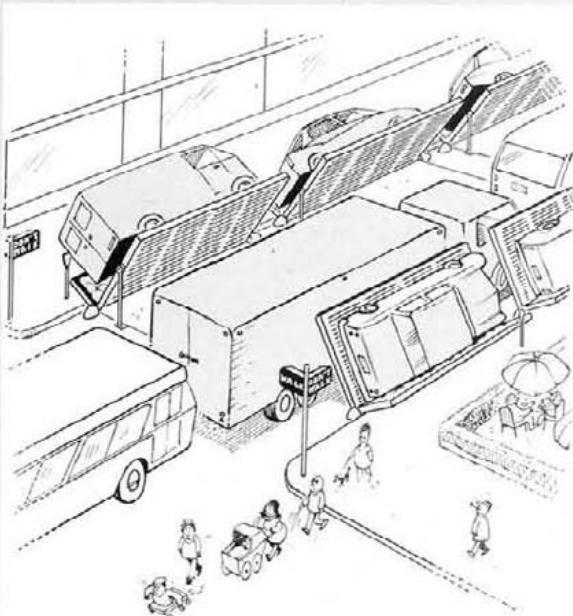
(2) Driver approaches and parks car onto cradle in usual manner.



(3) Driver exits from car and activates meter with proper coin.

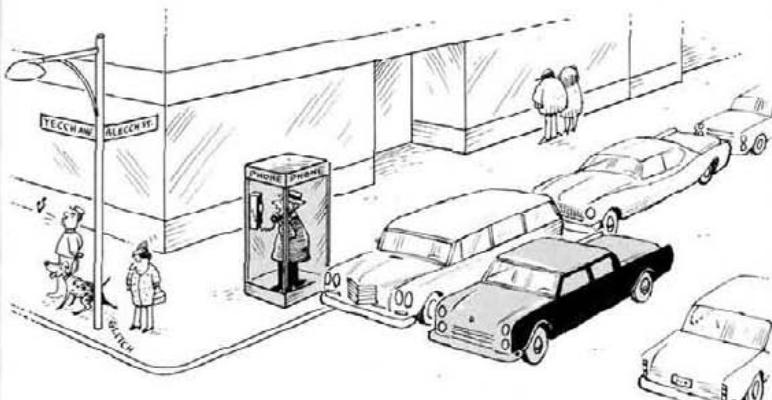


(4) Hydraulic mechanism lifts cradle, tilting car out of the way of traffic. Padded cushioned retaining wall protects car finish.



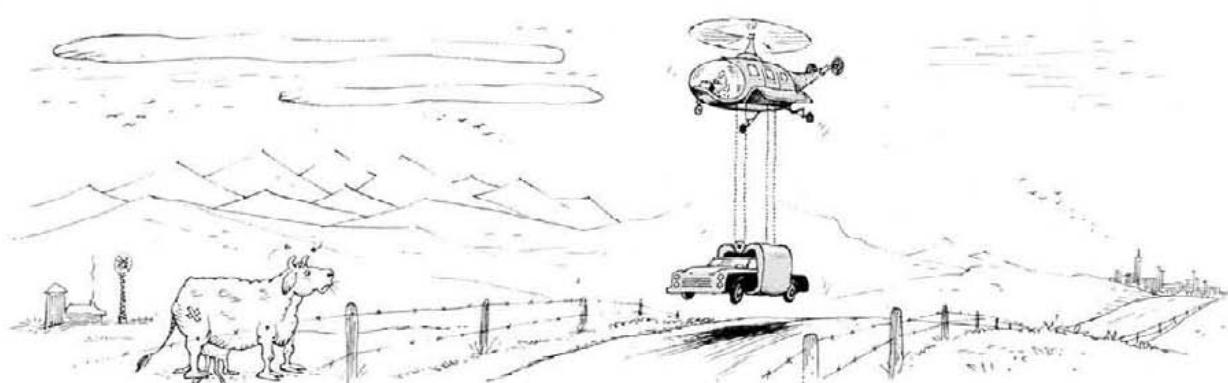
(5) Tilted parked cars open streets up for smooth flow of traffic. To retrieve car, driver merely waits for break in traffic to lower his car again.

## THE RAPID PICK-UP AND DELIVERY HELICOPTER PARKING SYSTEM



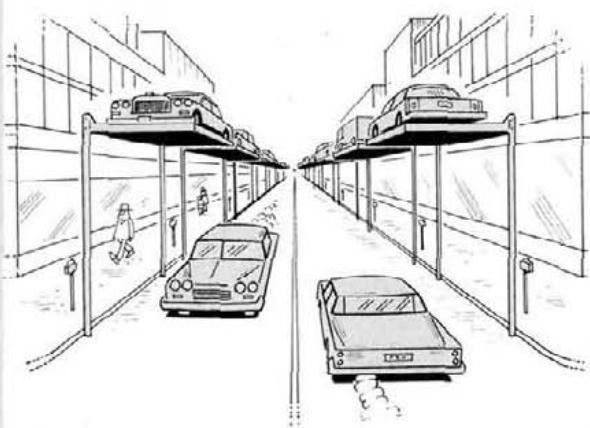
A driver subscribing to this service merely stops at any convenient phone booth and calls the special audio operator who contacts one of the several giant helicopters hovering over the city. After giving his exact location

... driver only has to wait a few minutes before a chopper descends and grasps his car in its safe, padded hydraulic claws



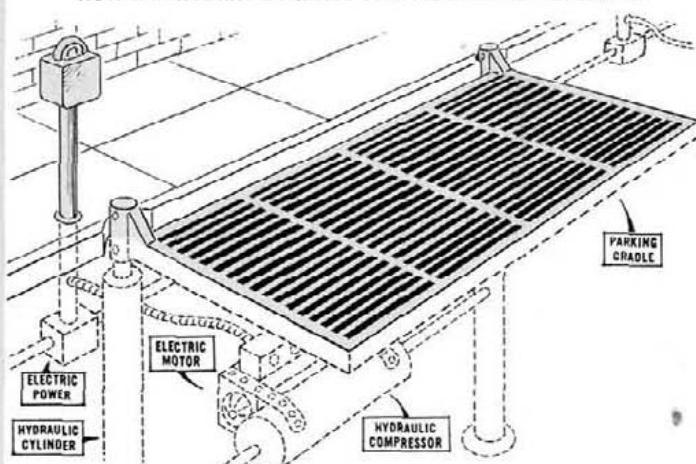
... lifts its precious cargo high above the city, and flies it to some deserted rural area where it is parked and its location marked. Then, when driver calls in again, his car is quickly picked up and returned to where he is.

## THE HYDRAULIC HOIST TRAFFIC LANE SAVER SYSTEM



On city streets, where parking is banned because every lane from curb to curb is needed for heavy moving traffic, this system restores the equally-needed but lost parking spaces.

## HOW THE HYDRAULIC HOIST TRAFFIC LANE SAVER WORKS



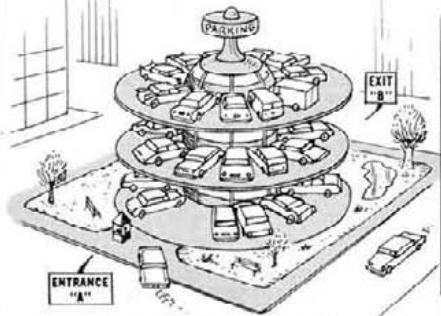
(1) Parking cradle at curbside is firmly attached to its own meter-activated underground hydraulic hoist mechanism.

## THE AUTOMATED FERRIS WHEEL RAPID PARKING FACILITY

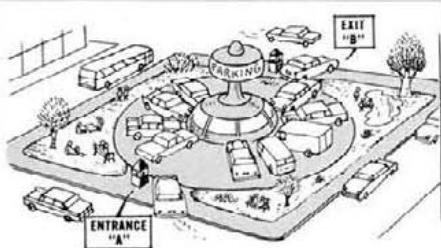


Occupying the space of only six surface-parked cars, the Automated Ferris Wheel Rapid Parking Facility provides parking for twenty-four cars, and its operation is fast and simple. Driver enters at "A" and takes a Computer Punchcard from Entrance Console. This instantly brings an empty space down to him. He parks and leaves. Elapsed time: 30 seconds. To retrieve car, he goes to "B" and inserts Punchcard with proper coins into Exit Console. The Ferris Wheel spins car to him and he drives off. Elapsed time: 30 seconds.

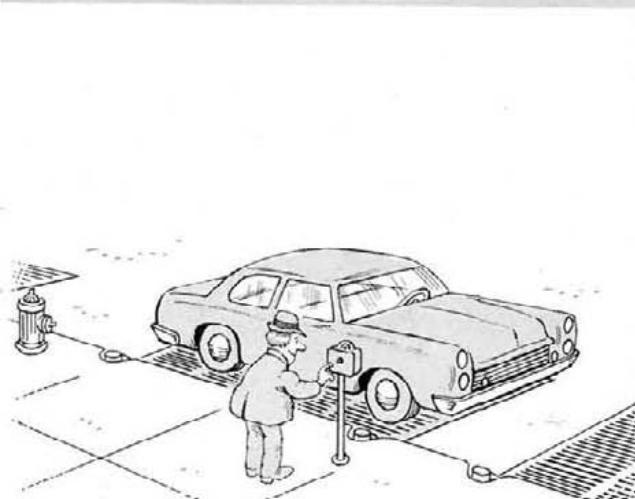
## THE MULTI-LEVELED LAZY SUSAN HIGH-SPEED PARKING FACILITY



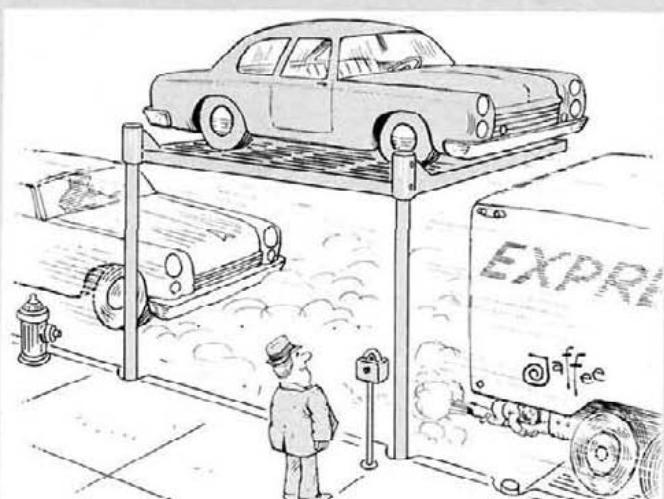
Lazy Susan facility is totally automated and computerized for fast and economical operation. When car enters at "A" and driver removes Punchcard, computer signals for an empty space. Instantly, the Lazy Susan spins and lowers or rises to produce the space.



To leave, customer merely inserts his Punchcard into Exit Console "B" with proper coins. Again, Lazy Susan spins and lowers or rises to produce the car instantly. Thus, what was once an ugly parking lot for a handful of cars is now a fast, efficient facility for ten times as many with the added beauty of lovely mini-parks at all four corners.



(2) After Driver parks his car on the cradle, he deposits the proper coins into the meter which activates the hoist.



(3) The car is lifted aloft instantly, leaving the space below free for heavy traffic to flow easily beneath it.

COMMON CENSOR DEPT.

In recent years pollution has been on everybody's mind. Which may be why so many of us have dirty minds. But while we've at least managed to cut down a bit on smog, factory smoke, and industrial wastes in our waterways, nobody has yet found a cure for one of the strangest, most prevalent forms of pollution in history—graffiti. Everywhere you look—in rest rooms, subways, on building walls—you see those same stupid, usually obscene messages scrawled. And nobody seems to know

# MAD'S "NICE"

HAPPY

Here I sit ~~broke~~ hearted,  
~~paid my dime and only~~ ~~had~~  
TALKS ON MIDEAST PEACE HAVE STARTED

PRESIDENT  
FORD'S  
SLIC~~E~~CESS

LOOKING FOR THE TIME?

~~DO YOU~~ CALL ME 71212  
~~WANDA 555-5555~~

PLEASE THE WEATHER? WE 61212

CAN BE ATTRIBUTED TO  
HONESTY, DECENCY AND A  
STRONG BELIEF IN DEMOCRACY  
GOD BLESS AMERICA!

~~Don't~~ throw ALL  
cigarette butts  
in our bowls -

~~We don't~~ ~~you~~ ~~your~~ ashtrays!  
THE SURGEON GENERAL HAS DETERMINED  
THAT CIGARETTE SMOKING IS DANGEROUS  
TO YOUR HEALTH - AND WE'D HATE TO  
LOSE A NICE PERSON LIKE YOU!

FOR A FANTASTIC ~~WEEK~~  
JOB, SEE CLARA AT  
~~BRUNO'S MESSAGE PARLOR~~  
TO IT THAT YOU FINISH  
YOUR EDUCATION.

NO MATTER HOW YOU SHAKE AND YOU DANCE,  
~~THE LAST DROP ALWAYS FALLS IN YOUR PANTS~~  
YOU'LL NEVER BE OUT OF STEP TO AN ELTON JOHN NUMBER.

what to do about it. Why not uplift it? Why not make graffiti more positive, more inspiring? Let graffiti help people improve themselves and the world they live in! And here's how it can be done: Instead of trying to erase or rub out wall garbage, simply rewrite it so that it says something worthwhile. For instance, here is a typical rest room wall with its typical obscene scrawls. But notice how much better and heart-warming it is after we rework it with a marking pencil and turn it into...



# "GRAFFITI"

ARTIST:  
BOB CLARKE  
WRITER:  
LARRY SIEGEL

THIS IS A TEEPEE - IS IT ANY WONDER  
FOR YOU TO ~~TEEPEE~~ MANY OF US WOULD  
NOT A MIGRATION LIKE TO FIND  
~~TO BEND YOUR TONIGHT~~ BETTER HOUSING  
FOR AMERICAN  
INDIANS?

OUR AIM IS TO KEEP  
AMERICA STRONG  
~~THIS BATHROOM~~ CLEAN

VOTE  
YOUR ~~AM~~ WILL HELP

IN CASE OF A TOMIC ATTACK  
DUCK UNDER THIS CIRNAL  
(IF HASN'T BEEN HIT YET.)

WE SHOULD CANCEL OUR GRAIN EXPORTS  
TO RUSSIA, HAVE HENRY KISSENGER SEND  
BREZHNEV A VERY STRONG LETTER, AND  
EVERYTHING WILL TURN OUT JUST FINE!

STAND ~~CLOSE~~  
UP FOR AMERICA  
STOP  
~~COMMUNISM!~~  
~~DRAZING!~~

Man's ambition must be ~~SAZI~~  
directed  
to write his name on a ~~wall~~  
toward improving the plight  
of the disadvantaged!

SAVE AMERICAN  
WILD~~REST~~

~~NIGHT OF YOUR LIFE &~~  
~~smokey pot and shootin'~~  
says: ~~AT ANGIE'S PLACE~~  
"ONLY YOU CAN PREVENT  
FOREST FIRES!"

THAT'S SHOE BIZ DEPT.

# FOOTNOTES\* TO

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.



\*\*I could have had a **banana**... or a **plum**... or a **pear**... or an **orange**..."



\*\*I take it, Bess, that you **no longer** is my woman!"



\*\*Zis issn't much uff a **honeymoon** for you, Eva... mein liebchen!"

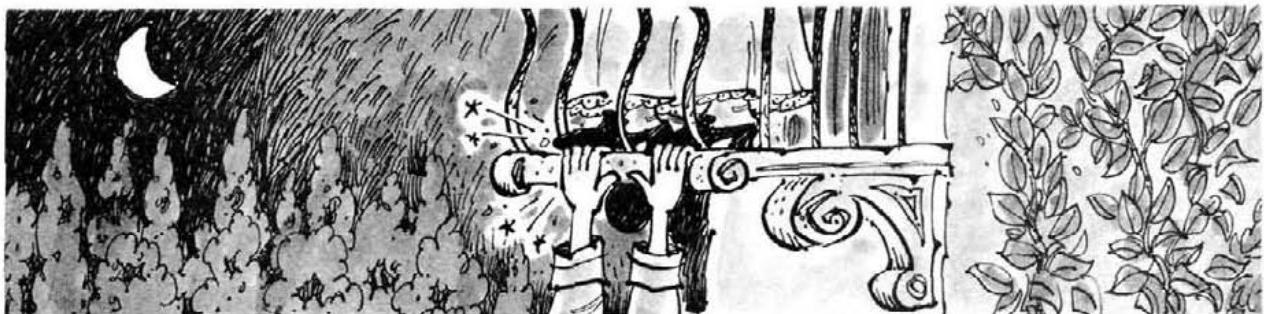


\*\*We can't go on **meeting** like this, Chrisie..."

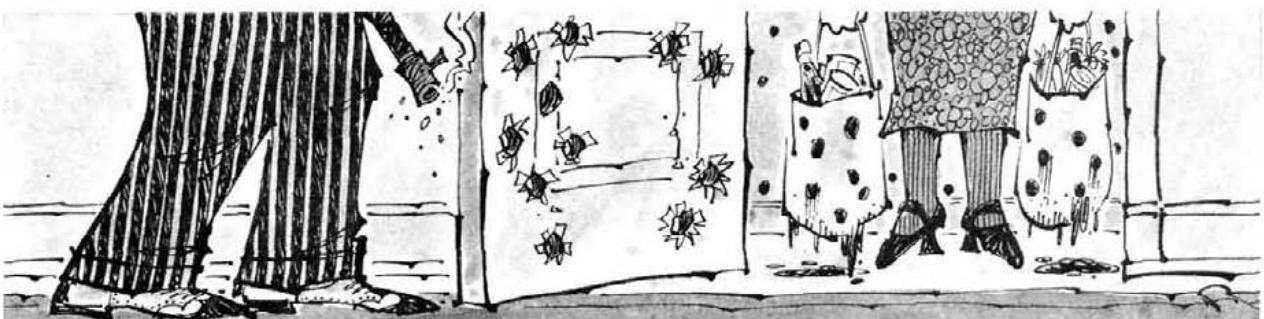


# GREAT LOVERS

WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES



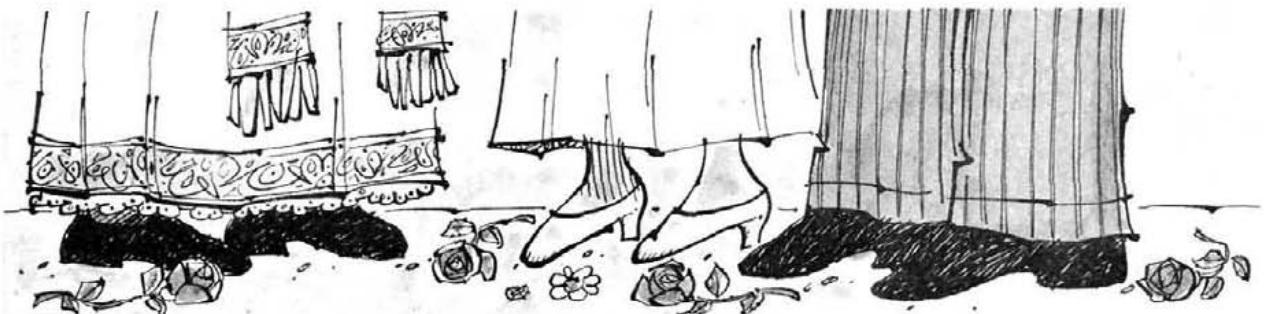
\*“O Romeo, Romeo... wherefore art thou, Romeo?”



\*“Take it easy, Clyde, baby... it's only me... **Bonnie!**”



\*“You, Jane! Me, Tarzan... and Cheetah... and Simba... and Tontor... and...!”



\*“Do you, Dick, re-take Liz...?”

# A MAD LOOK AT

## OLD MATH vs. NEW MATH

### OLD MATH

Black + White = Gray

### NEW MATH

Black + White ÷ Prejudice = Bloodshed

• • • •

### OLD MATH

Man - Money = Going Without Necessities

### NEW MATH

Man - Money + Credit Cards = Shopping Spree

• • • •

### OLD MATH

Teachers + Schools = Classes

### NEW MATH

Teachers + Schools + Unions + Strikes = No Classes

• • • •

### OLD MATH

Man + Drugs + Dedication = Family Physician

### NEW MATH

Man + Drugs - Scruples = Neighborhood Pusher

• • • •

### OLD MATH

Parents + Children = Family

### NEW MATH

Parents + Children = Generation Gap

• • • •

### OLD MATH

Young Lady + Wired, Padded Bras = Sex Object

### NEW MATH

Young Lady - Bra = Sex Object

• • • •

### OLD MATH

Husband + Wife + Another Woman = Divorce

### NEW MATH

Husband + Wife + Another Woman + Another Man = Group Sex

• • • •

### OLD MATH

Shopper + \$40 = Week's Food For Family Of 5 + Trading Stamps + Change

### NEW MATH

Shopper + \$40 = Day's Food For 2 People + Dog

• • • •

### OLD MATH

Small Boys + Broomstick + Rubber Ball = Happy Sandlot Baseball Players

### NEW MATH

Small Boys + Bats + Hard Balls + Uniforms + Coaches + Pushy, Competitive  
Parents = Pressured Little League Baseball Players





Hi! My name is **Rhota Rooterstein!** I tell people I was born in the Bronx in 1941—but actually I was created by **Mary Tailor-Made Productions!** They moved me to Minneapolis, where I played the best friend of a beautiful girl who worked in a News Room! I was a fat, shlumpy girl who TV audiences could relate to! Now, I'm the star of my own show! I look great, I'm liberated and I'm a very put-together "with it" married woman! But somehow, I'm not as funny as I used to be! Anyway, I'm back in New York, as if this city hasn't got enough troubles! New York . . . here's your last chance to laugh at . . .

# RHOTA

Shmoe, I got a letter from **Mary** today! Will you look at this fancy stationery?!! Isn't it just like Mary! Everything she does is so tasteful!

Mary! Mary! It's always **MARY**! I'm your Husband! Who comes first in your life . . . ? Me . . . or MARY???

Well, let me put it this way! I didn't spin off from your series!

Y'know, Rhotal Maybe I'll invite my first wife over for coffee tonight! That should offer some hilarious comic possibilities!

We DID that bit already! Y'know, Shmoe, we're gonna have to be careful! Ever since our Wedding a year ago, it's been kinda down hill! That was our definite high point! Lately, we've been slipping!

In our relationship?

No, our ratings!



ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

WRITER: ARNIE KOGAN

Let's go out tonight and have some fun!

I don't think I like your idea of having fun! To me, it's no fun going around town looking at WRECKS!

But wrecks are my living!

Y'know, if we lived in Hiroshima after the war, we'd be out every night!

I heard someone mention "wreck," so I came right up!

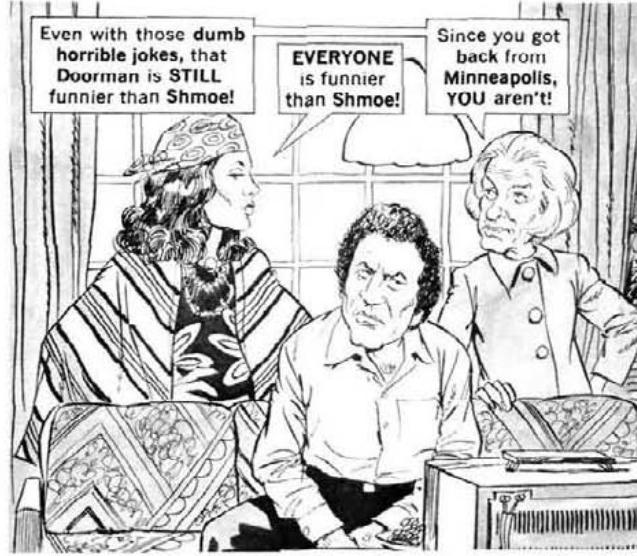
Blimpa, why do you keep putting yourself down???

Why not?!? I'm nothing but a fat, insecure Jewish girl!

But you can change, Blimpa! Look at me! Back in Minneapolis, I used to be fat! I used to be insecure! I used to be Jewish!







Why do I get the feeling that this is a female dominated show and I'm slowly being written out of the series?

Hah! You think YOU'RE being written out of the series? What about ME??!

Who are you?

See?!! Even YOU'VE forgotten!! I'm Rhota's FATHER!!

Oops! I gotta go! I'll be late for my job as Commissioner McMillan's MAID!

Ma!! What are you doing here in our bed??

I . . . I just wanted to see how much you were enjoying the new sheets I bought you!

But, Ma! Shmoe and I have to live our own lives!

Shmoe and you aren't COMEDICALLY STRONG ENOUGH to live your own lives! Why do you think I keep showing up? Why do you think Blimpia keeps barging in every few minutes?

You better split, Ma! I mean it!!

Leave?! I was just getting comfortable!

But Shmoe is getting upset! This is not exactly his dream menage a trois!

Okay, I'm going! Any man who demolishes buildings for a living I'd hate to get angry!

Shmoe . . . I came to talk to you about last night! Are you upset?

Nah! Besides, I can't talk to you now, honey! I got a building to wreck!

Your Mother's —in the Bronx!

You ARE upset!

Hi, Blimpia!  
How was your weekend?

It's still Freak City! Friday, I dated a guy who wore an EARRING!

He wore an EARRING?  
Yeah! He was either a Gypsy, an intellectual or a homosexual! And I didn't feel I was good enough for any of them!

Wow! You're really down on yourself!

Maybe I'll try a whole new life in Minneapolis—like you did!

Actually, life was dull there! At least in New York, I could always look forward to being molested on the subway!

I never had your luck! Saturday on the IRT, six guys surrounded me in an empty car and "gang-insulted" me!

Blimpa, when you're down like this, there's only one answer! You need a Jewish fix!



What'll it be? "Twinkies" . . .?  
"Sara Lee Cheesecake" . . .?  
"Oreos" . . .? "Malomars" . . .?

That'll be FINE!!

You just can't kick the food habit, can you?

It's tough!  
Last week,  
I injected  
Boston Cream  
Pie into a  
major artery!

In my fattest days on Mary's show, I never ate that much!  
Well, at least you can be  
sure you don't have diabetes!  
If you did, you'd have been  
in a coma three years ago!

Hey! Let's  
not talk  
about food!  
Let's change  
the subject  
and talk  
about guys!

Okay,  
Blimpa!  
Describe  
your  
"Ideal  
Man"!

I want a guy with  
hair as black as  
licorice, teeth as  
white as Chiclets,  
skin the color of  
halavah, and a name  
like Peter Paul . . .

That's great!  
I'm glad we're  
not talking  
about FOOD!!

What you need  
is a good  
stiff drink!

Okay!  
Make  
me  
a  
hot  
fudge  
bourbon!

Aren't you overdoing  
this a bit, Blimpa?  
You've been grabbing  
it all and leaving  
very little for me!

The  
food?  
No . . . the  
LAUGHS!

Hi, girls! I'm back!  
And I didn't come  
empty-handed! Here's  
a Brunch Coat for  
Rhota, and an Electric  
Razor for Blimpa!

An Electric Razor???

That's right! You ought  
to shave your legs more  
often! How can you ever  
expect to land a Husband  
when the hair is growing  
through your Ski Pants??

What's the occasion, Ma?

They're  
"Going  
Away"  
gifts!

But we're  
not going  
away!!

No . . . but I  
am! Didn't  
you hear?!!  
I'm getting  
my OWN  
SHOW . . .  
on another  
Network!



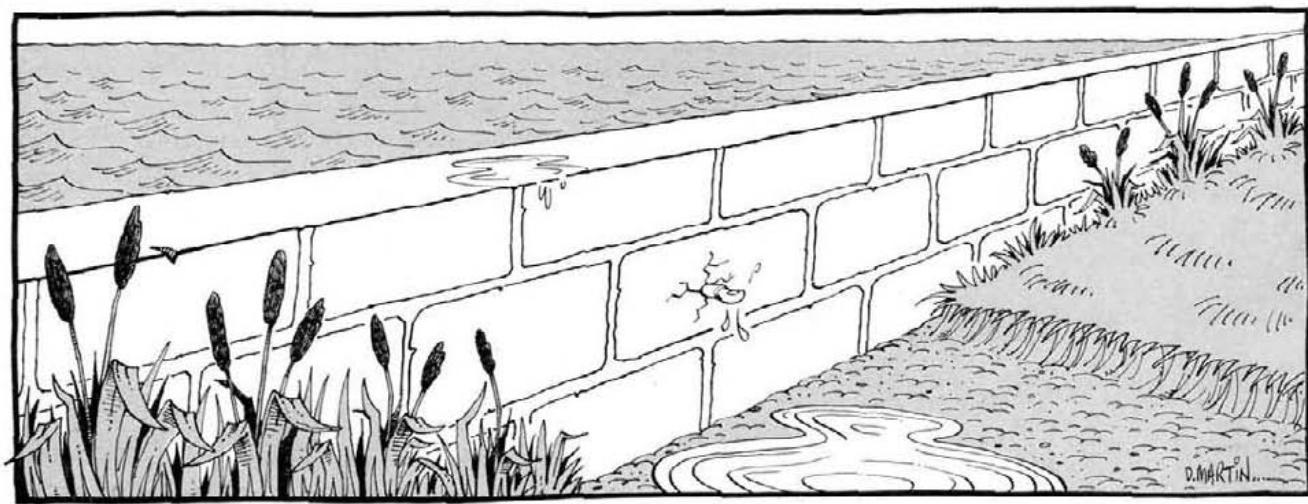
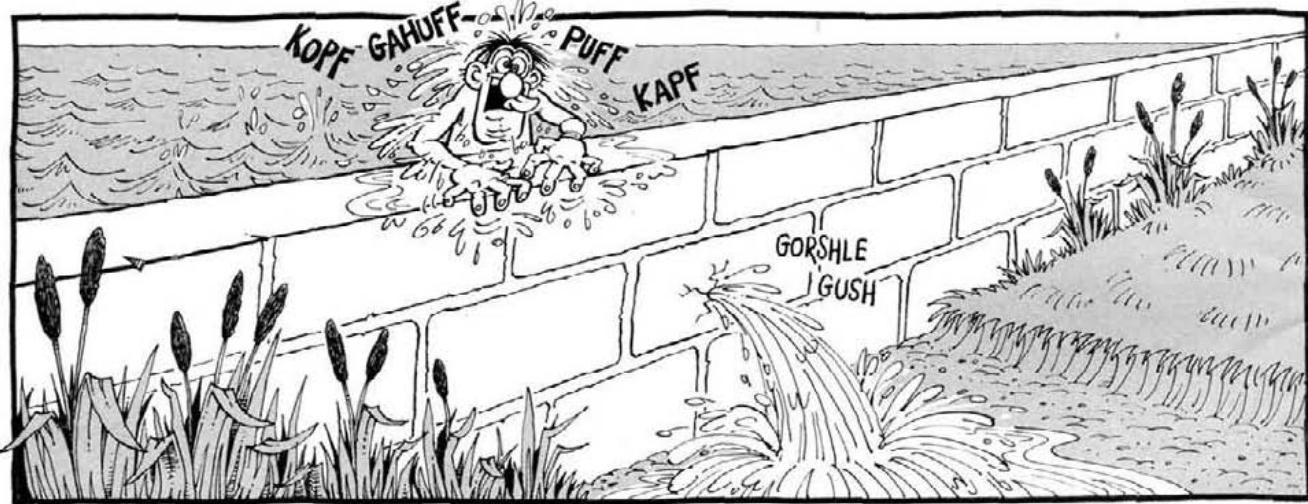
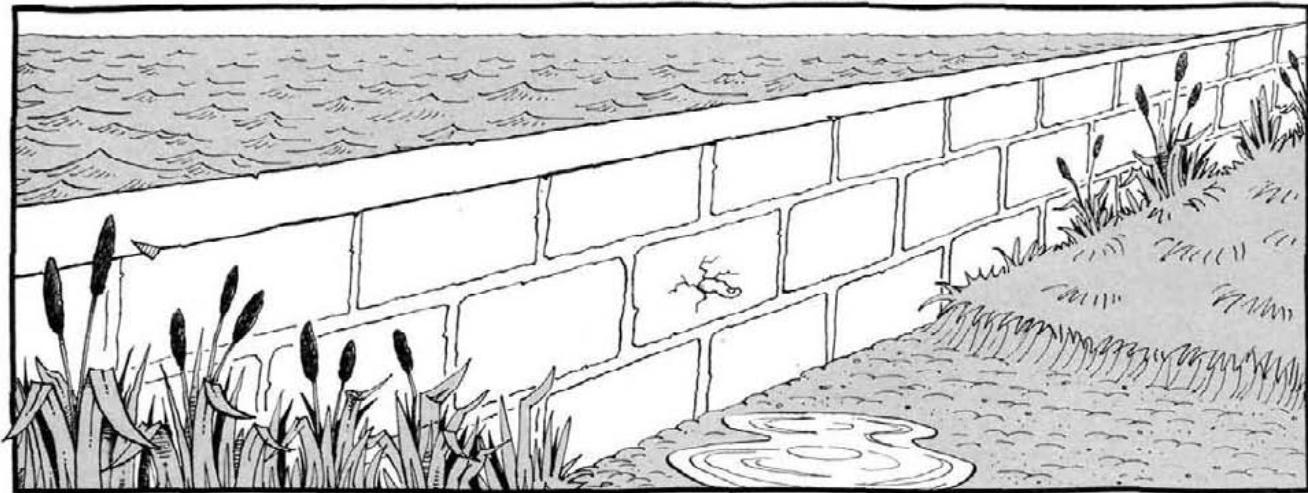
Well, Blimpa! Until  
you spin off your own  
TV show, that just  
leaves the two of us  
here to carry on the  
comedy in this series!

What about Shmoe . . .?

We'll continue  
to feed him the  
straight lines  
as always! He  
may not LIKE  
it . . . but what  
can he possibly  
do to us???



# LATE ONE AFTERNOON AT THE WARSAW DIKE



WHAT IS  
BECOMING  
A MOST  
DISTURBING  
POLITICAL  
ARGUMENT  
THESE DAYS?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS  
**MAD FOLD-IN**

The art of political persuasion has changed dramatically in recent years. To learn the most upsetting current technique, fold in the page as shown.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A►

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

◀B

FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



TERRITORIAL BICKERINGS MAY AMUSE THE HUMORIST  
BUT THEY ARE NO LAUGHING MATTER WHEN  
TACKLED BY ZEALOUS PARTICIPANTS IN POLITICS

A►

◀B

# LET YOUR FINGERS DO THE WALK—\*#\*&@!



PHOTOGRAPHY: IRVING SCHILD

ANOTHER  
MAD  
MINI-  
POSTER